Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

JUNE ON THE FARM.

Stirring the Soil.—The farmer who understands his business will cultivate his crops as often as the surface of the ground becomes hard, well knowing that the moment the soil around the young plants becomes crusted over it prevents a free circulation of air, and very materially checks the growth of the most hardy plants, and often entirely destroys those that are tender. We have so many farm implements that have been constructed with especial reference to the ease which they will stir up and pulverize the soil, that there is really no excuse for permitting the surface soil to get crusted over, after the plants are large enough to be seen. Of all of the months of the year for stirring the soil, the month of June is the most important. The farmer who neglects to cultivate his crops during this month may expect a small crop at harvest time. The old idea that a crop should not be hoed until the weeds get large enough to shade the crop, is not a good one; never wait for the weeds to grow before running the cultivator over the ground, but as soon as the crop is high enough to readily see the rows, the cultivator should be run between them, whether there are any weeds in sight or not, for while it is important to keep the weeds from growing, it is also important to keep the soil light and loose. The expense of keeping the weeds down is much less when cultivation is commenced as soon as the crop is up. It will not cost as much to keep a piece of land clean of weeds, if the work of cultivation be commenced in season, as it will to begin the work after the weeds get large, and they are not more than half destroyed, for when once the weeds get large it is not only expensive to pull them up, but unless they are carried off the field most of them will grow again after the first rain. When weeds are not more than an inch high, by running a cultivator over the ground, most of the weeds will be destroyed without any further labor. When the first crop of weeds are thoroughly destroyed the second crop will give but little trouble, if the soil is stirred as often as it should be. The farmer should never be so busy in June as not to be able to cultivate his crops as often as the surface of the ground becomes hard.

Insects.—The *tent catterpillar* should have been destroyed in May, but if by any reason any are left, no time should be lost in completing their destruction, or they will have left their nest and scattered over the tree, when it will be very difficult to destroy them.

The Canker Worm should also have been destroyed before the month came in, but if any are left the trees may be sprinkled with water, in which a small quantity of Paris green has been stirred, always remembering that when this is done the poison should be used with great caution, and where no plants grow under the trees that the leaves are to be eaten. Never use Paris green, or any other poison, on trees that stand in the kitchen garden.

The Currant Worm must be looked after; unless the first crop was entirely killed in May, a second, and perhaps a third crop will appear before the end of the month. The second crop can be killed by the liberal use of hellebore, but the third crop coming as it usually does just before the fruit ripens cannot be destroyed in this way without injury to the fruit, therefore it is important to kill all of the second crop, that there may be no third crop. The cut worm must receive attention; he is best caught early in the morning when he is very near the surface, and can be easily dug out and killed.

The Rose Bug will make his appearance about the 20th. of the month, and must be carefully looked after. The morning is the best time to catch this enemy. With a dipper half full of water the farmer should visit the vines and trees that are infected by this enemy, before the sun is up; by holding the dipper under the bugs the slightest touch will cause them to drop into the water; in this way a vine or shrub may soon be cleared of bugs. The *potato beetle* must be looked after if it is expected to have any potatoes to harvest in the autumn. Paris green serves to be the only effectual remedy yet found to destroy this enemy. Some mix the poison with plaster and dust it on the vines, others put a small spoonful in a pail of water and sprinkle it on with a watering pot, or with a small broom. We prefer to use it in water and thus keep the poison out of the lungs.

The Striped Squash Bug will put in an appearance as soon as the vines break ground, and unless looked after will work the destruction of every vine. We are never troubled with this enemy when we cover the ground about the hills with a good coat of air slacked lime, just as the plants are coming to the surface, thus giving the bugs no place to burrow in; they will rarely touch a vine thus protected.

The Black Squash Bug must be caught before any eggs are laid on the vines. Old shingles placed near the hills will serve as a burrow for the bugs, by turning the shingle over every day the bugs can be caught and killed.

Fodder Corn.—This crop whether to be dried or put in the silo ought to be planted early in the month; it is a mistake to delay planting until the last of the month or the first of July, as some do. It is a well settled fact that the fodder is much better when it is planted early enough to give it time to fully mature before cold weather, than if it is planted so late that it has to be cut green, or perhaps left out to be injured by the frost. It is also found by experience that the fodder is better if it be planted far enough apart to give it a chance to form ears of corn, and if for the silo let the ears be well grown before harvesting, cutting the grain with the fodder, making ensilage of the whole; it is found to be very much better than green corn fodder not fully grown and with no grain on it.

ENEMIES TO THE CURRANT.

Just as the fruit grower begins to congratulate himself on having conquered the first and second crop of currant worms, he goes into his garden to find that a very large number of the ends of the twigs of his currant bushes are laying on the ground, and a considerable number only half broken off, but still hanging to the bushes in a wilted state. He wonders what the trouble is, and if he gives it but a passing thought, concludes that the new growth is so tender that they have been broken off by the wind. Should he stop to examine he will discover that they have been bitten off by some insect; close watching will convince him that the work has been done by a long bodied and long winged fly, nearly the shape, as to length, as a winged ant. They are very sluggish and are easily caught. If no further investigation be made, the fruit grower only laments the loss of the new growth of his bushes, but as they soon start again he concludes that the injury is not very serious, and so he turns his attention to more serious troubles, among them the worm that kills whole stalks by eating down through the heart of the stalk. This troubles him very much because he does not know how to prevent it; when he discovers the dying stalk it is too late to prevent the mischief, so year after year he is compelled to see his bushes die out, with no power to prevent it. He has not the remotest idea that the fly that cut off the ends of the twigs had anything to do with it, but the fact is he is the identical rogue that is at the bottom of the trouble.

It is the female fly that cuts the twig partially off that she may prepare a place wherein to lay her eggs, after cutting the twig perhaps half off, she lays an egg which in a short time hatches out and begins to eat its way down in the centre of the twig, growing larger and larger as it descends, until when full grown it is large enough to very much injure if it does not kill the stalk. When this fact is fully understood the remedy is easy and sure. When a twig is found to be eaten off, to destroy the egg, cut off another inch of the twig. It may sometimes be necessary to go over the bushes twice, but as a rule once is enough, if the cutting is not done until four or five days after the flies first appear; but if it should be necessary to go over them the second time, it can be readily seen which twigs have been cut with a knife, and which by the flies. By adopting this practice a few years it will be found that the number of flies will be greatly reduced, so that the work of cutting the twigs will be very trifling.

WEEDS IN THE GARDEN.

To have a good garden the weeds must be destroyed as soon as they are above ground; to let them grow until they are high enough to shade the crop will not only greatly increase the labor of destroying them, but it will also very materially injure the crop; for a plant which has been over-shadowed by weeds will not grow strong, but will run up a slender weak stalk, which when let into the sunshine by removing the weeds, will often wilt so as to check its growth, or perhaps kill it.

Every farmer should make it his business to keep his garden clear of weeds; this is very easily done when once the soil is freed from weed seeds, but if a crop of weed seeds is permitted to ripen every year it very much increases the labor of keeping a garden clean.

Observation teaches us that while most of farmers keep the weeds under their control during June and July, very few have clean gardens during the months of August and September, evidently concluding that the crops are far enough advanced to keep master of the weeds, so they cease cultivation and let the useful plants fight their way unassisted. This is all wrong, because it is giving the weeds a chance to ripen their seeds to make trouble another year. If one would only stop to consider, there would be no doubt entertained but it would be best, as well as the easiest, to pull up all of the weeds during the summer and autumn before that commenced to ripen their seed, for by permitting them to seed, each weed will drop thousands of seeds which will make plants the next season, so that instead of being obliged to pull up only one weed thousands must be destroyed.

By thorough cultivation during the entire season for a few years, the land may be so cleaned of weed seeds that a garden can be taken care of with half the labor, and at the same time keep the crop growing much more vigorously than if the land be full of weed seeds. But when a garden is cleaned of weed seeds cultivation must not stop, for it is important that the soil be stirred up and pulverized quite as often during the period that the plants are small, but the work can be done in one quarter of the time that it can be when the weeds are plenty.

A wheel hoe may be used and the work done not only very rapidly, but also much better than with a common hand hoe. A small iron rake is also a good implement and can be made to loosen a large surface in a short space of time, where there are no weeds to kill. We would urge farmers to begin early to kill the weeds, and to keep up the work until the growing season is over; by so doing in a few years the work of cultivating the garden will be pleasant and easy.

COOKED FEED.

An Ohio grower of pork has learned by experimenting, that a bushel of raw corn, fed on the cob, will produce nine pounds of pork, while an equal quantity, if ground and the meal fed raw, will yield twelve pounds. A bushel of corn boiled, made thirteen and a half pounds of pork, and a bushel of meal cooked made about sixteen and a half pounds. Some experimenters report better results from feeding uncooked meal.—[Colman's Rural World.

— Alaska possesses no agricultural land.

— The area of fruit orchards in Great Britain is 190,710 acres, and it has increased only 26,696 acres since 1872, in spite of the large demand for fruit.

MEETING OF FARMERS

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, Saturday, May 16, 1885.

CONTINUED REPORT OF THE DISCUSSION OF 'The Protective Tariff,' AND ITS "Relation to the Interests of the Farmer.'

ADDRESSES BY

JOHN E. RUSSELL, Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture,

ELBRIDGE CUSHMAN, President of Plymouth County Agricultural Society, ELIZUR WRIGHT, and others.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM presides.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

(Report continued from last week.)

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REMARKS OF JOHN E. RUSSELL.

Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, when the editor of the *Ploughman* asked me to assist in the discussion of the Tariff in its relations to the farmers, I felt inclined to refuse, because the question is usually considered from a political point of view. It should not be a political, or party question; it is a people's question that cannot be fairly discussed by politicians, certainly not in the excitement of a Presidential election. It has been brought forward three or four weeks before election for the purpose of creating what is called, in the trade of politics, "a business scare," and when election is over we hear no more about it. The proper time for the discussion is between elections, when the passions are cool, in assemblages like this, looking at it solely in its economical aspect.

In looking back through some of the old debates upon this question, in order to light my penny candle at the sun, I read the speeches by Mr. Webster upon both sides of the question and of Mr. Choate in 1844 when Mr. McDuffie of South Carolina, in the spring of the year, brought forward a bill for a modified tariff. It was, I believe, a bill to impose an *ad valorem* duty upon the actual value of goods imported instead of upon the minimum value as provided for by existing law. Mr. Choate in the Senate then protested against the consideration of a great economical question affecting the living of the people of the country in the same year as the Presidential election. He was warmly seconded in his views by Mr. Benton of Missouri, Mr. Berrien of Georgia and other Senators, and the Committee to which the question was referred reported advising its indefinite postponement.

Nowadays, two or three weeks before election, the whole country is excited upon these great economical questions and we have had the spectacle of a recent statesman making speeches at the rate of twenty miles an hour from the rear end of railroad trains, amounting in all to about a "stickful" of argument for the reporters to send over the country to inform the people upon questions that affect the welfare and the means of living of all the citizens of the United States.

American Labor.

I am not a member of the "Cobden Club," a name so opprobrious to protectionists. I have never been asked to join it, nor have I ever met one of its "emissaries." I revere the memory of Richard Cobden. I believe that he accomplished more good to the English people than any statesman of the century. His logical precision, sincerity, good sense and benevolence will preserve his name among the English speaking race, even if the ranged arch of their wide empire falls. I claim to oppose our tariff policy because I wish the greatest good of the American people, and while I do this I concede the same motives to my opponents. Nor is there any American free trader or protectionist that wishes to reduce the condition of the American laborer to the condition of the Indian ryot or of the recently emancipated Russian serfs, to make him eat black bread and onions. We do not differ in patriotic feeling, we only differ as to the best method of increasing the prosperity of the country. Why, sir, my friend Mr. Ware has thrown upon us a serious imputation if he holds, as his words would imply, that we would endeavor to degrade American labor. He has gone back in the discussion of his question a long time; in quoting the early statesmen, such as Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, he has gone back to the inception of our government.

What a Tariff Does.

I believe, Mr. Chairman, you said that we should always have tariffs in this country, that the American people would always raise a large part of the revenue for the government by a tax on imports. I have no doubt that the tariff in some form is an indispensable thing for the people of the United States in that it is a very expeditious method for gathering taxes for the support of the government in such a way that the people will not be aware that they are paying them. That is what a tariff does. It is not beneficial more than any other tax. A tariff bill was introduced into the first Congress of the United States in 1789 by that great statesman and constitution builder, James Madison, who urged that a tariff should be imposed in order to meet the spring importations and levy upon them a duty for revenue to support the government of the United States. James Madison would have considered that every cent that was raised beyond what the government justly required for its wants was robbery of the people of the United States.

The First Tariff Act.

Who then was the secretary of the treasury under the new government? It was no less a man than he to whom Mr. Ware referred—Alexander Hamilton. He agreed with Mr. Madison as to the rate of duty for that tariff and the act was passed at the beginning of the government. A new nation was rising from the ashes, almost, of the Revolution. A new age had come to the exhausted peoples, an age of liberty, an age of comfort to the poor, an age of industrial glory to which no monarch could affix his name, and the first act of public economy was a tariff for revenue. They passed that first tariff act and laid a moderate impost averaging nearly ten per cent. upon the goods that might be imported. That early law remained substantially unchanged for the next twenty years.

What was the result? They were not interfering with any man's rights. They built up no monopolies. They did not levy a tax upon the farmers, to protect manufacturers or merchants, no. They were Statemen, they knew that the temple of national prosperity must be equally supported by agriculture, commerce and manufactories, and they established the rate so wisely that in 1810, Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury, said that the iron manufacturers and the cotton manufacturers of this country were firmly established upon a basis upon which they could stand and from which they could control the business of this country. There were among the early statesmen some great financiers, especially Alexander Hamilton, of whom it has been said that "he struck the rock of public resources and abundant streams of revenue sprung forth; he touched the corpse of public credit and it stood upon its feet a living form." That was done under a tariff that averaged ten per cent upon the importations.

The history of American tariff is too long for me to repeat here, though I must say I should like to take the time to answer some of the points Mr. Ware raised from the history of half a century ago, but I think we ought to stick to the text of this meeting,—*what* has the tariff got to do *with the farmers* of this country and primarily with the farmers of Massachusetts. That is what we want to hear today, sir.

When I read the comprehensive argument of Mr. Quincy — I concluded that he covered the whole ground. I am willing to stand upon Mr. Quincy's argument and am sorry I did not appear at the meeting and hear him myself. He took away all my arguments. My case reminds me of an old gentleman who had been reading the Psalms of David for forty years every morning, who said once: "If I had written David's Psalms I should have written exactly what he did.' I think Mr. Quincy must have followed me through the last political campaign and remembered all that I said; but the arguments are common property on this ground, and there is no reason for thinking that any one has a title to them. What is true is not new and perhaps what is new may not be true.

Mr. Ware says that a tariff does not increase the price of manufactured goods to the people that buy them.

Mr. WARE.—Didn't I prove it?

Mr. RUSSELL.—Yes, you proved it by testimony. You can prove anything on the platform, but you cannot prove it from the floor. You read what has been said by distinguished politicians on the floor of congress, said in defence of a system that taxes imported goods to protect manufacturers by preventing competition and enabling them to get an increase of price equal to the amount of the tax.

Mr. WARE.—Would you not protect the laborer?

Mr. RUSSELL.—That is another question that should be answered, if any one supposes that the tariff is a protection except to the manufacturer. After that infant has outgrown his swaddling clothes and can stand upright and keep clean, then they say we must keep up the tariff to protect laborer's wages. Is that so?

Let us answer the first question. Is it not true that manufactured goods are reduced in price by the tariff, for that would not be protection, the object is to enable our people to sell their goods at a higher price than the imported goods. Mr. Ware read a list of manufactured goods, comparing the prices in this country and England, and showing that they are cheaper here. The question arises what these honorable gentlemen want a tariff for if they can make goods cheaper than those imported. If a tariff reduces prices to the consumer it is not protective. That claim disappears as the fog on the top of the Essex hills before the morning sun when you ask that question.

The Wages Question.

As to the wages question, we pretend that our tariff is to increase the wages of the operatives, by giving the manufacturer the monopoly of the American market, that claim is not a good one because no manufacturer pays high wages because he makes large profits. He does not divide profit with his work people. His labor is regulated by the market. Goods are the commodity of the rich. Labor is the commodity of the poor. Congress can give the capitalist the market for goods by shutting out the foreign product, but cannot decree the price of them—that will be regulated by the demand.

So of labor, Congress cannot decree the wages that shall be paid for a days' work, the price of labor will depend upon the supply. Congress can protect Silver miners by coining a light dollar and making it legal tender, but there is no power in legislation to say that it shall buy a bushel of wheat or pay for a day's work.

The Way to Protect Labor.

The only way to protect labor is by shutting up our ports. We declare that our system is to protect the American wage gainer from the "pauper" laborer of the old world, but we allow the manufacturer to control the labor market by importing men of every race and clime except the Chinese. The pauper is at your doors.

He has been brought here imported like other raw material, and he reduces the wages of our industrial classes by putting his labor into the market against men that are unprotected in the only commodity they can sell. That is all I need to say to that point, I take it.

The Boot and Shoe Interest.

Now how about the farmers being protected by a tariff in Massachusetts? The only protection we can have is a prosperous community to buy our products. The greatest industry in Massachusetts is the leather business,—the boot and shoe business. All Mr. Ware's county is alive with boot and shoe manufacture. Are we to suppose that if the protection in the tariff should be abolished the boot and shoe industry would shut up its doors because there would be no more demand for their goods? Would, 50,000,000 of people in this country wear out what shoes they have got and after that time go on their frogs? We would use as many boots and shoes as to-day, and buy them cheaper than we do now. Why? Because the boot and shoe manufacturers that you cannot protect, sir, would find that they could buy their material cheaper then without a duty than they can now. They could get cheaper material. And these foreign materials now imported and used in that business would be reduced in price so that boots and shoes would be cheaper and all Essex county would be better able to buy our cabbages.

For instance, when we farmers had a protection on raw hides, it was such a burden on the leather industry that the farmers consented that it should be taken off. And since that time there has been no duty on raw hides. Suppose it was imposed again? If a tariff is a good thing, it is a good thing all round. It is as good on hides as it is on leather, or on sewing silk and linen thread and other findings. But if you should impose that duty again in the present condition of the boot and shoe market when the manufacturers are conducting their business on the very edge of loss, you would compel them to close their doors.

I will tell you how I happened to know that. Within three miles of my farm there is a strike of 4000 laborers in the boot and shoe factories got up by men who did not know this morning where they were going to earn a penny today. The town of Spencer is almost in sight of my farm and in their boot and shoe factories there are 4000 bottomers and lasters on a strike for better wages. The manufacturers are not grasping, they are liberal and public spirited with great pride in their town and enterprise in their industry, but they say that at the present price of goods they are not able to pay what these men ask. Consequently there is this strike. Men are walking about the streets, preventing other men from going to work. That is the condition of things in one of the great boot towns of the Commonwealth.

Cotton Manufactures.

Our next greatest industry is our cotton manufactures. Is there a cotton mill master in Massachusetts who wants protection? I have not heard it spoken of by them for ten years. They have had protection enough. They are thoroughly and entirely sick of it. They want the general prosperity of the country. They want to recover our foreign business.

They want a restoration of commerce with consuming nations, with people who will take something besides the raw productions of the soil. They look back to the time of the low tariffs, I will say the statesmanlike tariff of 1846, under which the progress of the country was by leaps and bounds, when the American citizen traveling in the most distant parts of the world, under strange stars and other constellations, wherever he saw blue water, might expect to see the flag for which freedom "tore the azure robe of night," and hail his adventurous countrymen even under "the frozen serpent of the South."

The prosperity of our cotton spinners may be restored by producing the conditions under which their business first sprang. Take the case of the iron masters, it we have any left. Suppose you allow them to have coal from the provinces and to buy the scrap iron of the West Indies. That would help them and help shipping. My friend would not admit these articles free, but the rolling mills of New England have been shut so long that the rust has formed upon the arbors and they have died in the interest of Pennsylvania.

The Wool Interest.

Take the wool interest. I happen to be one of those farmers that has in his mind much of the conservatism of the past about my vocation and I have held on to my sheep. I have got three years' wool clip stuffed into a loft over my stable. It would hardly pay to shake the dust out of it and send to the manufacturer. It has not done any good to the farmers of this State to have protection on wool, it has never been so low in our history as it is now. And our woolen manufactures were never so badly off as in this very year of grace. Now we have 75 per cent. duty on wool for our protection. Nobody wants my wool at present enough to pay to take it to market. This is the general condition of the wool raising business in Massachusetts. We should all work together and try to bring back the former condition of the business. We want no feverish, stimulated business, give us normal conditions, cut the cords that bind the arms of agriculture, unfurl the sails of commerce. Let us be free.

Sugar and Tobacco.

I fully believe in the arguments of Mr. McDuffie, forty years ago. He said that if a man sent 100 bales of cotton to England and wanted to get the goods back, that he would have to raise forty bales more to pay the government for the duties. There is no getting away from that. Suppose my friend, Mr. Cushman has money in his pocket, collected from his sales of milk in this city. He goes into a store to buy goods. Suppose he wants to buy sugar. He has got to pay more tax on that sugar than the sugar sells for to the pauper laborer of England. He ought to get a pound of sugar for the proceeds of a pint of milk, but if he has to give a quart of milk for it he is robbed of fifty per cent. of his labor.

I was surprised to hear Mr. Ware finding fault with that, for, except tobacco, it is about the only protected agricultural product that amounts to anything in this country. We pay $42,000,000 to $43,000,000 on sugar, and it would be cheaper and it would be putting the sugar in Louisiana which this tariff protects to its best use to buy it at three times its value to sweeten the Gulf of Mexico. It would be from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 in the pockets of the farmers.

I was making some political speeches last fall and at one town before I began, an illustrious old democrat came up and said to me: "We don't want you to say anything about the protective tariff. Our folks won't like it at all. You must not say anything about it." I replied, "I am free to speak as I please, and I have got something to say, and I want to talk about the protective tariff and oppose it on the ground that it is not for your interest." "You might as well go on the platform and speak yourselves, if you don't want me to speak about the tariff." He answered to that: 'I wouldn't discuss the tariff, for our folks are all interested in tobacco and we don't care about the other things as long as they place a high tariff on tobacco.' So I said that I would pitch into the other fellows and not touch on their tobacco. That was like preaching about the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah. It is like a preacher's emphasizing the evil of ancient times; his sermon strikes on the bald heads of the sinners in front of him, and glances off like rain from a duck's back. There is nothing personal in it.

Now our farmers here in Massachusetts have had a great deal of help on the tobacco question. But take all they get for their tobacco and put against it what they pay for sugar, salt, tin, blankets and the increased cost of implements, and on other articles and they are egregiously plundered. Suppose you send 100 barrels of apples to England. We are exporting our apples there every year to those free traders. We have got good Baldwins and Greenings and can get about two dollars a barrel for them. We have got to give the United States Treasury 43 barrels on each hundred if we invest the proceeds in goods.

Copper, Salt and Lumber.

We have put a duty on copper that amounts to complete prohibition. Last year one pound of copper was imported that paid a duty of 5 cents. We have got that down to a fine point. The producers of copper are so well protected that they can supply the market here and still have enough to export and sell it abroad at a lower price than they sell it here, taking a bond that it shall not be returned.

It is so with the salt works. They ship to Canada large quantities and sell at a lower price than they sell it here. You can not cure a pound of meat without paying that tax.

It is so with the lumber trade of the country that leads to the destruction of the forests of the Northwest. The tornado of a tariff has swept over them. The lumber tariff makes us pay a higher price and by ruining the forests destroys partially our power of raising crops in other sections. You cannot buy a board to mend your hog pen without paying a duty on it. You cannot make a cradle for puling infancy or a coffin for expiring age without paying that excessive tax. I could run over a long list of foreign articles that are heavily taxed as we use them in Massachusetts. I deny that Massachusetts would be injured if the tariff was to be levied for revenue only. Nor would the nation be injured.

Progress of the Country.

I hear with quicker heart throb,—with a strong feeling of pride,—of the progress of the country, as Mr. Ware has stated it. You must feel it when you read of the progress of this country in the last twenty years. I know it has made great progress and it has been to the profit of all mankind. We have had resources of great magnitude with which to help along, but I utterly deny that it is because 99½ per cent. of our population have been heavily taxed to put money into the pockets of the one-fourth of one per cent. We have flourished in spite of our restrictions. It remains to be proved that the tariff is a benefit to manufacturers, even. It reduces the prosperity of the people of the United States. If you will look back at the statistics, you will find that the progress of the American people has been greatest under a low tariff, that the increase of wealth has been greater and that enterprise among the people has been greater under a low tariff than under the extreme tariff of the last twenty years. It was made in the storm of war, like Hecuba's garments "in the alarm of fear caught up" to cover nakedness. It was made by men who had little experience in legislation facing new conditions of war. Shrewd men took advantage of the conditions and lobbies of greedy manufacturers held Congress in their hands. Who ever saw a lobby of farmers or of laborers?

I could show you the great manufacturers that have appeared before Congress, term after term, often elected themselves to serve their own interests, until it would make you feel that there was somebody besides free-traders that deserved berating in this country. No other class would have been able to lay these burdens on the American people. The high tariff has not been altered from the beginning until now, except to raise the duties. We never lower duties. We always raise them. We have go up to the excessive duty of 43 per cent. average Alexander Hamilton and James Madison considered a sufficient duty at ten per cent. for revenue.

The American Hog.

Now about some unprotected manufacturers, I have got a little more to say and it is about the greatest manufacturer in the country that taxes no man a penny; and makes no claim to protection, though he enriches the nation and adds to the comfort of half of mankind. I mean the *American Hog*. His sturdy independence and self reliance, uncorrupted by tariff should put the selfish Steel rail leech, the greedy Iron master, the Wool moth, the Salt beggar and other cherished "Infant industries" to shame. His retail business is too wide for calculation. In 1880 he employed in the establishments devoted to his wholesale operations 27,000 men and a capital of $50,000,000. Though, owing to the nature of his business, it is restricted to five or six months of the year, he paid wages amounting to $10,000,000 and turned out products to the value of $303,562,000. He loaded hundreds of miles of cars; he freighted countless ships; he rejoiced the hearts of millions and paid duties and taxes to an incredible amount, asking nothing for himself. Let our protected manufacturers improve by studying the character and methods of the hog.

Mr. Chairman, I believe I have made a slight mistake, the hog is protected with a duty on his bristles! with the mistaken idea of giving him a monopoly of their use. So I must take as a better example another greater manufacturer, but less important, perhaps because her products are not used in export trade. It is

The American Hen.

She toils not, neither does she spin, yet the Queen of Sheba in all her glory was not more beautifully arrayed than she and all her house. bold are clothed as she is.

The reported product of her industry for 1884 was $180,000,000,—more than the product of silver, gold and copper mines. More than the value of all iron smelted or wool produced. Yet she is unmentioned in the tariff. She is absolutely unprotected and has to suffer the competitions of the pauper hen of Europe and the heathen hen of China, and no one has heard her cackle a complaint.

Ingraham's notes to Vattel's "Law of Nations," has this significant paragraph which I accept as true doctrine:—"Every active interference of the Legislature with its subjects by prohibiting or restraining any particular branch of honest labor, or by encouraging any particular branch at the expense of others, whether in agriculture or commerce, has uniformly retarded the advance of public opulence; the sound policy of a legislature is not to impose restrictions or regulations upon domestic industry.

The total number of persons in the United States employed in protected industries of whom 32 per cent were of foreign birth is 3,837,000. The total number of persons employed in non protected industries of whom 26 per cent were of foreign birth is 13,554,000 The total number engaged in agriculture is 7,670,000, of whom 5 per centwere of foreign birth. In 1880, the capital used in manufacturing was $2,790,272,000 and the capital used in agriculture was $12,104,081. The average wages of operatives in manufacturing is $1 16 a day. Americans are mainly employed in agriculture. There are 3,615,765 American farmers and 610,180 foreign farmers and 3,162,474 American laborers and 161,402 foreign farm laborers.

The earnings of the farmers of this country in 1880 were less than $300 per capita, and what were the wages of the men employed in these immensely and liberally protected manufactories? They amounted to $1.16 a day. That you may take from the census of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, I am holding you too long and I will conclude. Here is $1.16 a day to the man that has to pay duty on his coal, salt, sugar, blankets, lumber, crockery, tin ware, copper, iron, steel, &c. He has to pay those Philadelphia gentlemen Mr. Ware quoted double cost on their carpets, for it is poor trash they sell to the farmers of Massachusetts, for men earning only $300 a year have to buy poor stock. What luxuries does that give the American laborer over the pauper labor of Europe? What can he get for $1.16 at present prices? In what comfort can he live? When he goes home at night he must find his consolation in the fact that he has paid a tax to the government out of his small earnings on everything that he eats, drinks or wears.

Mr. CALEF.—Mr. Chairman, I would like to inquire of the gentleman the price of sugar in England. He said, I believe, that it had been sold for two cents a pound over there and I doubt it.

Mr. RUSSELL.—I said it had been sold for two cents. It has been sold for a penny, which is about the same thing. Sugar has been sold for that price in England within the last six months.

Mr. CALEF.—I was there two years ago and it had never been sold for any such price as that.

Mr. RUSSELL.—I am talking about the present.

Protection Increases Immigration.

Mr. CALEF.—I should like to ask, after travelling all over England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, why 200 or 300 years ago—your fathers came from that country. Why was it, Mr. Chairman? I ask for information. I am not a very great scholar and make no pretences, but I have a right to think for myself, and I have looked over these arguments for a protective duty. I know that since you have had a protective duty for the last twenty years a good many men have come over here. Since you have built up your manufacturing industries by protection you have had plenty of men come out here. Explain it in whatever way you can. I will tell you what I think is the cause. It is because you pay better wages. Men are better protected here and things generally are better protected. I tell you, sir, that the government of England, if it would protect men after the manner of the American government, would prosper a great deal more. It has brought about the present condition of things in Ireland. Whatever be the condition of affairs in Ireland, the English government has made it. I am sorry to trespass upon your time, but I will be done in a moment or two. I can prove that the condition of Ireland is to-day due to the oppressive parliamentary dues put upon the industry of the farmer. I know of men who were free traders over there who are protectionists here. I will give you my authority. It was some Englishmen in Rhode Island. I called on them and saw their manufactories. I asked them: "Do you believe in protection or free trade?" They said: "In England we were free traders; here we are protectionists."

It looks very natural that the farmers should be interested in this question. I believe that the interest of the farmers in this question is very great. It is the relation of the manufacturers to the farmers that protects the farmer from oppression. I know that you can buy goods cheaper in England than you can here, but wages are only about one-half as much.

I have not the time to go on. I will pause here by saying I cannot see for the life of me why we are dependent for the existence of the people of this country upon pursuing the policy of England, when it is a fact that England has four times as many paupers as we do. We have 50,000,000 of population and have only one-fourth as many paupers as they do in England where they have only 35,000,000 all told. With our 50,000,000, our pauper list, according to Mr. Fred Wines and others, amounts to only one-fourth of what it does in the old world.

Colonel NEEDHAM.—I will now call upon Mr Cushman of Lakeville.

REMARKS OF MR. CUSHMAN.

Mr. Chairman, I did not expect to take any part in the discussion this morning but I wish to occupy a single moment in reply to a point made by the last gentleman. I wish to state that I was born on a Massachusetts farm and have always spent my days on a Massachusetts farm. My interests have always been identical with the farmers of the old Bay State. I was reared under the influence of a strong protection sentiment. I was taught in my early boyhood to believe that protection was just as true and sacred in principle as the principles of Divine Writ. I always voted, sir, till within the last year, with the high tariff party. I believe, sir, that I was right and that I was serving the interest of my fellow farmers thereby, because, I say to my shame,—that I had never given this subject a single serious thought till within the last year. I had taken it for granted that it was just as I had been taught in my boyhood that protection was identical with the interest of the farmers. I was told in my boyhood that it benefitted agriculture and benefitted manufacturers and *vice versa*, and that everybody was better off and that the interests of all were identical. I believed that this was so.

An Illustration.

Now how is it? I want to give you an illustration that will show how it is in practice and show how many difficulties are put upon the farmers. I want to take the town I live in and show you how these different systems of tariff have operated on the two classes of farmers and manufacturers. Take your map and look at Plymouth County. You will see the small town of Lakeville on the borders of the county adjoining the thrifty and prosperous commercial city of Taunton. In one hour's ride by horse the farmers of that little town can enter the prosperous city of Fall River, that boasts of her great manufacturing glory. In another direction you will see that in a short time the farmers can reach that highly important whaling city of New Bedford. In an hour's ride in another direction you can enter the flourishing city of Brockton which has become the pride of the Commonwealth. You will see on the other side of the town the markets of Middleboro and Plymouth. That magnificent part of the State has been improved so much that it has developed all these large places which challenge the world in the magnificence of their location. Is not that, gentlemen, let me ask you, a favorable location for a farmer? Would you not say that farmers can live there if they can live anywhere in the old Bay State? Would you not expect that fortunes would be accumulated there, if they can be accumulated anywhere in the confines of Massachusetts by labor on the soil? There you have the organized village and town and you would say that this has got to be a good farming locality.

Now, gentlemen, do you know what the condition of farming is there? I will tell you and will state only what I know. There is not a farmer in that whole territory that is paying $50 tax on property that he has accumulated from the soil. I want to tell you, gentlemen, that in that territory, if the facts could be known, there are not as many inhabitants today as there were at the close of the Revolutionary war. I want to tell you that there is a large proportion of the farms under mortgage. I want to tell you, gentlemen, that when these farmers started out hand in hand with the manufacturers, as was said, they did not get the advantage that was expected when they carried their produce to the manufacturers that surrounded them. I want to tell you that in the first decade the farmer skinned the soil. In the next they stripped the forests. In the next the young men left the farms and there are today cultivated fields that are selling in the market for less than they sold at the close of the Revolutionary war.

What Has Protection Done for the Farmer?

This is what will occur when the agriculturist and the manufacturer start hand in hand. You have here an instance of the agricultural town of Lakeville, where the fields have depreciated in value, where the young men have been drawn away into the cities, and where the farmers have not enjoyed the manufacturers' success. The question today is not whether this protection has built up Fall River and Taunton and New Bedford and Brockton, but what it has done for the farmers of the agricultural town of Lakeville and other rural towns of the Commonwealth.

Let us stick to the question. I am surprised, gentlemen, when we are told what a glorious thing protection is to the farmer. What does protection mean? What is the derivation of the word? Protection protects somebody from whom? It protects one half of one per cent. of the inhabitants of this country from ninety-nine and one-half per cent. We have been told here this morning that it would be the ruin and destruction of the people to have their goods cheap. We have been led to believe that everything was going to rack and ruin right through unless they had to pay high prices. Many hold this old fallacy and assert that it is going to ruin the people to buy the necessities of life cheaply.

Now did you ever hear anything more absurd than that? Ninety-nine and a half per cent. out of a hundred can buy the necessities of life cheaper and are going to be ruined by it. We are all going to destruction. O dear me! God have mercy on us if we are to believe anything like that. What do the gentlemen intend to have us believe about this doctrine of protection? Why should we not carry it into our daily practice? I heard of a man, an old farmer in the neighborhood where I was born, that built a barn for himself and did not pay out over two and a half dollars for work on it. It was the only building he ever built. He died a poor man and he had no business faculty in him. He built this barn strictly according to the protectionist's ideas and by paying out only two dollars and a half he gave employment to home labor.

Free Trade.

Gentlemen, I was approached at one time last summer by a kindly, intelligent manufacturer. He said to me: "Mr. Cushman, I understand that you are leaving us, that you will not vote with us this fall, that you are a little disturbed and are entertaining some free trade doctrines." I told him that was true. I told him that I should vote for all the ticket except the head, and that I should support the State ticket as I had before. I was a free trader from the very fact that the Morrison bill imposed only a low tariff,—since my old friend has so eloquently alluded to the time when Madison and Hamilton put a tariff of ten or twelve per cent into the statutes.

Even Jefferson himself said that it was only a temporary measure and that in a few years the manufacturers of the country would be able to stand alone without any protection. He never foresaw the time when it would rise to the gigantic proportions of from 40 to 43 per cent.

Another man wanted me to tell him how I thought it would affect him as a shoemaker. He said: "This matter has been talked over a good deal in my shop. I have endeavored in my life. time to read considerable of all matters of interest of the day, but I want to confess, to my shame, that I know no more about the tariff than I do about the Greek Testament. Now," he said, "I am a shoemaker. You are a farmer. If we should have free trade, how would it affect me? I work for wages. I get protected in my wages now. If we should have free trade I don't know as I would have any difficulty, but on the other hand, I don't know as I should have any wages. I want to know how you think it would affect me." I thought the matter over and said to him: "Do you believe that a protective tariff is morally right? Do you believe that?" He said, 'I don't know whether it is or not.' I said, "I guess it is morally right. I guess it is a good thing." "Well," said I, "if it is a good thing, ought it not to be a good thing for all of us? If it is morally right, is it not morally right between nations? And if it is morally right between nations, is it not morally right between States? Is not that so?" He answered, "Yes, I don't know why not." Then bringing it down a little nearer I said, "Is it not morally right between towns?" He said, "I don't know why not." "Well," said I, "here we are. We come to the matter face to face as practical men. We live three miles apart. The town line is between us. Let us have a protective tariff between your town and mine. At the point on the main street where the town line crosses let us have a custom house, a magnificent building, such as we always have under the government under which you and I live. Let us have a government official stationed there and now we will see what will happen.

I will start some morning with ten bushels of potatoes from my farm to take them down and sell to you and trade them off for your shoes for my family and workmen. I come to the custom house. The official has not got up. So I wait in the long line of farmers and take my turn. Finally he comes out, but he does not take my word but he examines and measures and finds out that I have got ten bushels of potatoes. Well, the potatoes we will say are worth one dollar per bushel and there is 40 per cent tariff. Finally, along toward noon, I get by, after paying my 40 per cent duty on the potatoes. Then I come down and trade with you and get ten dollars worth of shoes and go through the same operation again. Well, the government has made eight dollars out of it. It is a fine thing."

Taxation.

Now, then, you see there are two sides to be considered in taxation. We may say that with this abominable tax which so many people grumble about we would make many improvements. We could have suitable government buildings. We could have a magnificent custom house. We could have a fine river steamer instead of the little steamer which now has to lower its smoke stack when it goes under a bridge. We would clean out the river and make it wide and deep. We would have our river and harbor made better than they were ever made before. We would have every thing we wanted done. We would provide fine quarters for our selectmen and for all our other town officers and do glorious things. A, who now pays $1000 tax would not pay a single cent. The man who pays a tax of $1800 need not pay a cent. Every one in our manufactories and stores and the hands on my farm would not pay one cent tax. We would be enjoying all these things in life and no taxes.

But now we want to know who would pay the taxes. That, I tell you, is a matter for you to consider. So I say that we do not in our practice perfectly carry out this principle of protection. We have looked at it hitherto only in the far off distance where we could not see what it really was and we thought it was splendid.

Gentlemen, I did not intend to take up so much time, and hoping you will pardon me, I will close.

Mr JAMES P. KING—I should like to know, when the gentleman speaks of the farms in his neighborhood, how many of them are mortgaged?

Mr CUSHMAN—A large portion of them.

REMARKS OF MR. KING.

Let me say to him that in Essex county where I live the farms are not mortgaged and the farmers hold mortgages on the property in the section of the State. They have been an industrious class of men and they have been successful. They take hold of farming in early life with a determined will and they make it a success.

Protection to American Industry.

Now, sir, I wish to mention one point, and perhaps one point only, which has not been touched at all. For instance, within sixty days onions have come from Spain and Portugal and France. This is where there is only 10 per cent duty, and we have not spent our lives and toiled and cultivated and sold onions for over 50 years without having had an opportunity to know whether a tariff would be a benefit to farmers or not. Now, sir, the duties on onions are 10 per cent, as I have said, and you would look at the matter in a very practical way if you had to face the fact that within 60 days they had been brought into our market and have knocked down the price to below $1 a bushel. I have stood, sir, with my team upon the dump and seen a ship load coming up by Fort Warren, the sailors singing out "Ship ahoy!" in their joyful glees and within 48 hours the price would be knocked down $1.50 a barrel. Is not protection to the farmers worth something, for us farmers who have all our lives been counted as a class of industrious men? Sir, if we are protected,—and we are to a certain extent on our potatoes,—then I can buy a supply from Memphremagog Lake at the extreme and better than raising them myself and at a price 15 cents a bushel better than I would otherwise have to pay. I claim to-day that the duty on potatoes in order to protect us effectually should be 25 cents on a bushel. Every year when the business men have enjoyed prosperity and duties have been high and the manufacturers have been making money, some of that money must have gone to the laborer and the laborer got advantage of the prosperity. And when business has been dull with the manufacturers, it has been dull with us farmers. I say that when manufacturing industries prosper, when they are pushed with determined will, that it will be of advantage to all. Those classes of men who are protected take care of laboring men. How many of the laborers,—how large a proportion of them,—have a care for laying up a single dollar? At the end of a week's work I have known many of them not to have a dollar left, and seven-tenths of them don't care a picayune whether they lay up a cent or not. It is the industrious farmer who is trying to earn his livelihood who by so doing protects his neighbor and keeps the poor out of the poor-house,—a business which I have had something to do with for 30 years of my life.

Now, sir, I believe in the general principle of protection to American industry. I am a high tariff man. I would knock off the duties on Louisiana sugar as quick as I could wink, as far as I understand that matter, but I don't want the principle of protection sacrificed. I am for a tariff for protection and I believe in it and I thank God that I have always voted for the system of protection and in voting for it last year I believe I voted for the ablest man that stands upon the footstool.

REMARKS OF ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I suppose you will all agree with me that nothing is easier for an individual than to make a mistake, miss his way or fail of securing his own best interests. That being conceded it will hardly be denied that a number of people, a State or even a nation, may possibly commit a mistake. And if it does, the larger the body is, and the longer it proceeds in the mistaken direction, the more difficult and costly it will be to rectify the mistake. Yet it may be wise to do it, or to aim at it, even though the accomplishment may be distant. At the bottom of the subject of Tariff or Custom House taxation lies the question whether in putting into the Constitution of the United States the three words, "*Duties, imports and excises,*" a national mistake was made. It is on this question, that I propose, at the request of the Editor of the *Ploughman*, to offer a few words.

Custom House Taxation.

To begin with, let me frankly confess that for rather more than forty years my opinions on this subject have been quite extreme. I have been virtually on the side of the smuggler, that is to say, if he is patriotic enough to pay at home directly all that the tax gatherer can legally require of him he has a right to trade where he pleases, and if the government seizes the goods he has honestly bought on the other side of the planet, the government itself is the wrong doer—virtually,—or rather viciously playing the *burglar*. This, I am aware, is a very extreme opinion. I do not wonder at all that people generally consider it a craze, even here in Boston where everybody venerates the men who acted out this very craze in turning our harbor into a teapot. And yet I would not if I could, repeal the tariff or demolish the custom houses instantly, or even very suddenly. That would make a great deal of mischief to many innocent and industrious people. There is a better, and perhaps surer way to get out of the woods, and secure not only just taxation but trade profitable to all.

I was delighted to notice last week that the young man who so ably opened the discussion was a grandson of Boston's first and most venerated Mayor, and a great grandson of the coolest and most far-sighted of the renowned tea party of Dec. 16th, 1773, and especially that he looked forward to a not very distant future when this fast growing republic will have outgrown its Custom Houses. I fully agree with him. I think all of you would, if you had looked into as many of these United States and some other countries as even I have. I am glad Mr. Quincy is a young man and has time to work. He will probably live to see all the farmers and most of the lawyers free traders; and what is still better, honest and just and direct taxation the source of *all*, as it is now of *most* of the public revenues. The Custom Houses will still be useful for other purposes. This will be really a pretty free country, when the rich men pay honestly for the protection which the national government affords to their lives and property, and are allowed to trade freely where they please.

Early Reminiscenses.

Mr. Drake, one of our local historians, has taken great pains to give us reminiscences of the men who resisted the indirect taxation which was imposed on Boston previous to the revolution, and which led to that very remarkable event in this world's history. They may have made some mistakes, but obviously, according to the facts he narrates, they were on the whole a very cool, farseeing, upright set of men.

The people of this country, if they know it, are not going to repent of what those men did. On the contrary, after due consideration, they will come back, however for they have been led astray, to those extreme opinions about taxation which really caused the separation of the new country from the old. Those opinions were that people should not be taxed except by their own consent, expressed through their own chosen representatives. Such taxes would not be otherwise than direct, and levied according to ability to pay. In our colonies they always had been direct, and had been cheerfully paid, when required by the exigencies of the royal government and sometimes to such an extent that the British Parliament felt it honest to return a part. But in 1765 the royal government had become so corrupt that conscience and honor had disappeared, and it was so tremendously in debt that it was tempted to throw a part of the load on the colonies, then beginning to prosper, by applying to them the old kingcraft plan of indirect taxation. So it passed the stamp tax, which was resisted so vigorously that it had to be repealed the year following.

The Tax on Tea.

But only a year passed, before another application in 1767, of duties on paper, paints, glass and tea. The colonists, adhering to their inalienable rights and their good sense, agreed not to buy. Parliament soon saw it was losing its game, for it gained no revenue, and alienated the merchants at home who were prevented from selling their goods; so it repealed all the duties except that on tea, and reduced that to three pence a pound. This trifling duty it retained only to save the principle of its right to tax indirectly. But it foolishly assumed that the colonists could not also see the importance of saving a principle. They did, and flamed into a higher zeal for liberty just because the duty was so contemptibly small. Hundreds of Boston matrons, at an age when tea is thought almost a necessity, and as many of their young and beautified daughters publicly pledged themselves in 1770 not to drink a drop of "foreign tea" in order as they said "to frustrate a plan that tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life." And they did frustrate it. They religiously kept their pledge. Male politicians are wont to turn up their sapient noses at anything women may say or do, as mere sentimental bosh. But it was this sentiment of the Boston women, faithfully acted on for three years, that produced the Boston Tea Party, one of the bravest and wisest acts of the revolution. Well and wittily did a woman, Susannah Clark, by name, write of it in 1773.

"We'll lay hold of card and wheel,
And join our hands to turn and reel;
We'll turn the tea all in the sea,
And all to keep our liberty.

"We'll put on homespun garbs,
And make tea of our garden herbs;
When we are dry we'll drink small beer,
And FREEDOM shall our spirits cheer."

Would one believe it? A grand niece of this same lady, with a good many women like minded, is asking of the Massachusetts Legislature, of 1885, the right to vote; and what calls itself Massachusetts, though not the most intelligent part of it, by a small majority of the mere males, and a constantly decreasing majority at that, says "NO YOU DON'T."

So you see, in the freest of countries a truth may be evident, and even self-evident, a good while before it becomes law.

The Power to Levy and Collect Taxes.

It was not statesmanship that put the word "DUTIES" into the constitution of the newly created nation, nor was it the yet unborn fallacy of industrial protection. But it was the mere monkey faculty of imitation speaking through the mouth of old Mr. Nicholas of Virginia. He told the convention that all other civilized nations had practised indirect taxation, and it was manifestly easier to raise revenue in that way than to do it by open direct taxation. And that is as true as that it is easier to steal than to earn. And civilized nations had always done it because they had always been monarchial, and their supporters, the priests, had persuaded the people that the king's throne rested *not* on the consent of the people, but on divine authority. The founders of our republic thought otherwise. And that is why we have a temporary President and not a king; and why we have perfectly free trade between the States. For this we ought to be forever thankful. The wisest men of the constitutional convention had as much as they could possibly do to get into the constitution the power of Congress "to levy and collect taxes," meaning direct ones. It they had attempted to keep out the words that authorized indirect ones, they would most certainly have failed, and we should probably have had no Union or national republic at all. But that does not prove either the rectitude or wisdom of tariff taxation. If perfectly free trade between the States and direct taxation in the States, is wise, all the more is perfectly free trade with the whole world and direct taxation throughout the United States wise. If I had not already trespassed on your patience too long, I would give some reasons why tariff taxation, and especially the protective phase of it, worked a prodigious evil in preventing the possibility of a peaceful settlement of the slavery question. But I heartily thank you for listening to so much.

Col. NEEDHAM—The hour has arrived and passed at which we have usually adjourned this meeting—it being nearly a quarter after twelve. It will stand adjourned to await the call of the committee. The meeting is now adjourned.

Horticulture.

SURFACE MANAGEMENT OF ORCHARDS.

The Gardener's Monthly thus simplifies this problem:

"The surface management in orchards should be a very simple question in the light of past experience. The feeding roots of trees are the small, annual fibres. These love to be as near the surface as they can get, provided the temperature be not too high, food and moisture be present, and an absence of light. Sometimes these conditions will be best secured by a clean surface, sometimes by keeping the surface shady through vegetation. An orchard in grass affords the comparative coolness required by the roots, the shade which they love, and also permits, by the shade, the roots to get nearer the surface than when growing in the full light which the bare ground provides. Where food and moisture, however, are scarce, the advantages are counter-balanced. Food and moisture are the first essentials of all good culture. A clear surface, or a surface devoted to other crops, is a secondary consideration.'

BUDDING TIME.

(Germantown Telegraph.)

From this time through July is the period to attend to budding fruit trees. The operation is a very simple one and has been over and over described in our columns, so that by this time most persons who have budding to do ought to know how it is done. A piece of bark from a last year's stem, an inch and a half long, containing an eye or bud near the middle, is put under the bark of the stock where it is to grow, which has been slit, and loosened by the back of the knife, or a piece of bone made for the purpose and to be purchased at the seed stores. After carefully inserting the same the bark is closed upon the bud and the stock and the bud tied with a cord or basswood. Care must be taken that the branch from which the bud is taken is of vigorous health or growth, or the bud will not 'take' or grow. It is not necessary that the stock on which the bud is set should be only one year old; in fact, it is better that it should be two or three years old. All that is required is that the bark separates freely from the wood, which it does generally during the latter part of summer; and where it does so, and the other conditions being right, there is not the least danger of the bud not growing. Budding is really more certain of growing than grafting, if the work is correctly done, and it can be done in half the time. We have known children to graft and bud, and especially farmers' daughters, who take a pride in trying their dainty hand at it, and seldom fail.

THE WEALTHY APPLE.

(Rural New Yorker.)

This fine iron clad fruit, which has proved such a bonanza to the fruit growers of the "cold north," has spread along our northern frontier and into the adjoining provinces with wonderful rapidity, so that although it is only about fifteen years since the original tree bore its first apple, bearing trees and even orchards of it are to be found at short distances all the way from Washington Territory to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The fruit itself has as few faults as any apple grown, being of good size, fine color, regular shape, a good shipper, "very good" to "best" in quality for eating out of hand, and for cooking. In season, like the Baldwin, it varies from early fall to all winter, according to locality, but in the northern part of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, and in Quebec and New Brunswick it will keep until March or April without serious loss. The tree is a rapid and erect grower while young, very much resembling in the habit of growth and early and profuse bearing the Russian apple of the type of the Duchess of Oldenburg. If allowed to bear when young the growth is checked, and the trees sometimes injured. This should be avoided by removing all or nearly all the fruit, until the tree has reached two or three inches in diameter, which is usually about five years after setting.

Correspondence.

SUCCESSFUL POULTRY KEEPING FOR PROFIT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

As a financial matter, poultry business is a decided investment for persons who are thoroughly acquainted with the business. The statistics of 1884 show the silver product to be $40,000, while the egg product alone aggregates $80,000, the other branches of the business controlling $100,000. In successful poultry keeping suitable houses are required for the flocks, that means ventilation, cleanliness and warmth, and as most fowls are not allowed roaming privileges the houses should be so constructed that the north yards or runs should have the sun's rays at the time of the south ones; a pitch roof will answer the purpose so as to not form a shadow of itself. It is not so essential that one should always keep the best of breeds as poultry humanity is on an unequal footing, for if proper care is administered to common fowl the same results could be obtained as from high bred birds, which generally receive the best of care while the more common ones receive in most cases a slighting.

Remember that if you so care for the stock in winter that they can obtain the summer delicacies that are necessary for egg formation, it will produce good results in winter as eggs command capital prices in the winter months, and it also aids materially in fattening early chicks for market. Care should be taken that food is not given them in excess as they are always willing to eat which increases fattening and means a speedy stop to the egg supply. Vermin exterminators should be offered to them by various methods. Diseases should be strangers to the flock that are offset partially by vigorous exercise supplied in scores of ways and the pride of the flock should be 'health', which means in nearly every case profitable poultry keeping. H. E. T.

Randolph, Mass.

CARP CULTURE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I find the following item in your issue of the 23rd inst.: "The boom in German carp and fish ponds is on the wane." Now, Mr. Editor, the only German carp in this country, so far as I know, are a very few in the Government Ponds at Washington. It is possible that there are a few dozens in ponds elsewhere in this country. While *trout* ponds have for years been on the wane, carp ponds are multiplying more rapidly than ever before, and carp culture is enjoying a "boom" which is unprecedented in the history of American industries. More than thirty-five thousand persons are already engaged in the business in this country, and it is estimated by those most capable of judging correctly, that not less than fifty thousand persons will be engaged in the business in this country before the close of 1886. The *Ploughman* told its readers more than a year ago that our carp are American carp, that their ancestors came from Asia via. Austria and Germany to this country, where they are becoming materially improved. I have within ten days past handled nearly half a ton of carp (the usual spring assorting) at one establishment alone near this city, and their value the coming Fall will be more than the entire cost of fitting up the establishment containing them.

In this connection I will say that I recently visited Columbus, Ohio, and planned a set of carp ponds for the State Board of Agriculture upon the State Fair Grounds. The time will soon come when all the leading Agricultural Fair Grounds in the country will find model carp ponds as indispensable fixtures as stock pens now are, even though the water has to be supplied artificially. While this method might not be practicable for general carp culture, it would be perfectly feasible for exhibition purposes, as the ponds should be small, so that one could be drained daily during the Fair, in order to show its *construction*, which is the only difficult thing about carp culture. When ponds are once *properly* constructed, but little attention is required, and the expense is insignificant. As has been before stated in your columns, carp culture is simple, but it requires the same degree of *system* as any other business from which success is expected. A more promising industry has never been developed.

MILTON P. PEIRCE,
Sec. Am. Carp Cultural Association.
Pennsylvania, May 22, 1885.

PROFIT IN FRUIT RAISING.

With all the tons of grapes raised, how is it there is not a gallon of grape syrup to be had for love or money in market? If you don't know that grape juice boiled down to a clear syrup is the most relishing thing in sickness or health for consumptives, and to keep people from getting consumptive, to be eaten as food or diluted for drink, that would banish wine sooner than the temperance societies, you have something to learn. This article once known would prevent all danger of an over-crop of grapes, for it would be made and kept by the barrel, and exported for use in all climates. The new production of cider jelly, which is merely cider boiled down, without any addition, till it is a solid, dark jelly, is a great gift to the housekeeper, and will be the salvation of the apple orchards. What if apples are fifty cents a barrel in October? Set the cider mills going, and the huge enameled evaporating pans. Perhaps cider jelly at twelve cents a pound will pay you, as there is no sugar to be used.—[Vick's Magazine.

DRYING COWS.

Mr. George Simpson, an English dairyman, says he has found, to his cost, that the ordinary practice of drying continuous milkers giving from twelve to sixteen quarts daily, does not answer at all. Instead of attempting to dry cows giving large quantities of milk, he now finds it better to turn them in a loose box and feed on oat straw. By this means the flow of milk is reduced, and gradually they dry themselves off, without any evil effects following. The practice of suddenly checking the flow of milk of good milkers by the ordinary method has resulted, in his case, in three of his cows slipping their calves within forty eight hours after the drying process had begun. If it has been attempted to dry large milkers suddenly, the uterus and udder become inflamed. Dairymen will find it highly important to pay particular attention to their cows, especially those of the Guernsey and Jersey breeds, which are great milkers.—[Colman's Rural World.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

MEETING OF FARMERS.

During the summer season the Saturday Meetings of Farmers in the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building will be held only at convenient intervals, due announcement of which will be made as usual. No meeting on Saturday of the present week.

The present issue of the *Ploughman* marks Memorial Day, a day sacred to the memory of those who died in the war of the rebellion. It is the twentieth since that war of four weary years ended. Those now just coming upon the stage knew nothing of the anxieties of that time, nor what it cost in treasure and human life. The Day is observed with all of its former feeling, and is a general holiday. There is manifested a disposition in some quarters, though happily not very influential ones, to convert it into a day of pleasure and recreation mainly, the memorial observances being made subordinate and incidental. It is pleaded for it that as the war memories recede with the years they are likely to exact less and less of public feeling and sentiment, and will thus bear, if not require, supplementing with a broader intent and meaning. But it will be soon enough to urge such a proposal when the reverential sentiment of gratitude for the dead heroes of the war for the Union shows symptoms of decay and dissolution. Better teach our children, and teach them to teach their children after them, the sacred meaning of this chosen day in the year, that they may cherish and keep it untainted by worldliness and as a memorial of the cost of preserving an Union once established in the hearts of all

We give this week, in continuation and conclusion of the report of the tariff discussion in the farmers' meetings, the remarks of Secretary Russell of the State Board of Agriculture and others. They will be read, we need not say, with equal interest with that part of the discussion which preceded them. Secretary Russell deservedly enjoys the reputation of an eloquent and impressive speaker; and if this can justly be said of him when engaged in a discussion in which dry facts and collected statistics are uppermost, and theories are to be built up or deduced, then he has fairly earned the distinction for all occasions alike. We are quite willing that his reported remarks this week shall speak for Secretary Russell, and commend his thought and argument to the reader's conviction. It does not follow that the subject is exhausted. If it were possible to extricate it from all sorts of mutual influences, it might then be an easy matter to construct a theory for international trade and put it in operation. But the varying purposes or needs of different nations will hardly permit such simple treatment, and still further human development seems to be required in order to make absolute and perfect free trade practicable.

It is officially announced by the Commissioner of Agriculture that a sufficient number of favorable replies to his circular have been received to indicate a decided preference for holding the proposed Convention of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations on July 8th, and that that date has accordingly been determined upon. This new appointment not only does not conflict with the Commencement exercises of many of the Colleges, but it offers to those who wish to attend the convention of the National Educational Association at Saratoga, on July 14th, an opportunity to attend both conventions without taking too much time.

Anniversary Week concludes the month of May, and is being observed in Boston this week with all the fervid feeling that marks the attachment of those who unite to form the various societies and associations that now assemble in annual convention. The weather would have been the regular anniversary weather last week, but on the threshold of June it seems disinclined to disappoint the devotees of so many good causes and render them uncomfortable. The crowds are by no means as notable as in the old days, before railroads were supplemented with the telegraph, the telephone, and the endlessly repeating newspaper; but they are large enough to signify the fact of the presence of strangers in the midst of us, come to pay us their annual visit and receive their annual welcome and hospitalities. The reports of the different christian, philanthropic, educational, and reformatory societies make up a body of reading which instructs in the matter of our work and wants as a people, and supplies the inspiration for advancing action. The work of christian benevolence goes on as before, gathering new force with the new resources continually developed and supplied. These anniversary meetings never can degenerate into formalities, but they will rather receive fresh impetus from the developing needs and increasing potentialities of the advancing age.

At its recent session, the legislature of Rhode Island created a State Board of Agriculture. In the past the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry has in part performed some of the recognized duties of a State Board, while it has likewise labored for the establishment of such a Board. The action of the legislature, therefore, could not be otherwise than thoroughly acceptable to it. By the provisions of the newly enacted law, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Secretary of State are *ex-officio* members. The Governor additionally appoints two members, and each of the agricultural societies appoints one each. The Governor has already appointed on his part *Wm. T. C. Wardwell* of Bristol, and Alfred A. Reed of Warwick. The Rhode Island Society has appointed Obadiah Browne, a widely known and thoroughly progressive farmer. The Newport Society has appointed John J. Peckham. The two other Societies have not yet made their appointments. These are excellent selections, and the Rhode Island State Board of Agriculture promises to rank with the best of the country.

The tenth annual meeting of the American Association of Nurserymen, Florists, Seedsmen, and kindred interests will be held in Chicago on June 17th., and continue three days. The place of meeting announced is Hersey Hall, Madison street, opposite McVicker's Theatre. The hotel headquarters will be the Grand Pacific. The annual membership of the Association implies a fee of $2,00. It comprises the largest body of Horticulturists in the country. The questions to be discussed concern new methods of propagating, new labor saving devices, an extension of the exchange and sale of surplus stock, the exhibition of new trees, fruits and plants, and the general welfare of the trade. These are reasons enough to secure the attendance of all persons who are interested in horticultural pursuits. The annual meeting comes at a time in the year when, after the nurseryman is over with his hurry and increased exertion, he feels inclined to take a little relaxation and rest. Nothing can be more effective in this respect than such a meeting. The badge system of last year is retained this year, by which any one at the meeting can distinguish any other member. The last year's meeting at Chicago was the largest horticultural gathering ever held on this continent. Buyers and sellers meet together to talk over their mutual interests and wants.

COOKING AND EATING.

In few things is modern science beginning to do more and better practical work than in investigating and organising the knowledge thus obtained what directly concerns the sustenance of our lives, or the true art of nutrition. Dr. W. Maltieu Williams, an English scientist of high repute in his sphere, is about bringing to a close a long series of papers on the chemistry of Cookery, contributed by him to the scientific periodical called "Knowledge." In his last paper he considers the "Vegetarian Question" as a related part of the subject; and although we have no intention to lend our advocacy to either side of the question, we regard some of his statements and suggestions as seriously deserving of the widest public attention. He had stated in a former paper that "the fact that we use the digestive and nutrient apparatus of sheep, oxen, etc, for the preparation of our food is merely a transitory barbarism, to be ultimately superseded when my present subject ("The Chemistry of Cookery") is sufficiently understood and applied to enable us to prepare the constituents of the vegetable kingdom to be as easily assimilated as the prepared grass which we call beef and mutton." He now returns to this earlier assertion to bestow proper scientific discussion upon it. He well says that the fact that there are now in London nine exclusively vegetarian restaurants and all of them flourishing, shows that the subject is one of wide interest.

Setting out with the statement that we are neither herbivorous nor carnivorous animals, nor yet can be classed with the graminivorous, and least of all with the omnivorous, Dr. Williams comes to the only conclusion possible in his view, which is that man stands apart from all as The Cooking Animal. He reminds us that all human beings became cooks as soon as they learned how to make a fire, and have all continued to be cooks ever since. Hence he thinks we should look at this vegetarian question from the point of view of prepared food, which excludes nearly all comparison with the food of the brute creation. There is one case in which all the animals that approach the nearest to ourselves, the mammalia, are provided naturally with a specially prepared food, viz., the mother's milk. He considers that the composition of this preparation throws more light than does anything else upon this vegetarian controversy, and yet it seems to have been entirely overlooked. An analysis of the milk of the mammalian animals, compared with that of the bitch, which is a moderately carnivorous animal, shows that nature regards our food requirements as approaching much nearer to the herbivora than to the carnivora, and has provided for us accordingly. If we are to *begin* the building up of our bodies on a food more nearly resembling the herbivora than the carnivora it is only reasonable, he says, to assume that we should *continue* on the some principle.

It is instructive to note the particulars of the difference. "The food which nature provides for the human infant," he informs us, "differs from that provided for the young carnivorous animal just in the same way as flesh food differs from the cultivated and cooked vegetables and fruit within easy reach of man. These latter contain less fat, less nitrogenous matter, more water, and more sugar, (or starch, which becomes sugar during digestion) than animal food." Flesh food is advocated on the ground that it is more nutritious, containing more nitrogenous material and more fat than vegetable food. Nature answers, when *she* prepares the food—"So much the worse for the human being." But say what we will, as a matter of fact we are none of us real flesh-eaters, consuming this higher proportion of albuminoids and fat. In mixing the meat we eat with the particular vegetable which contains an excess of starch and the smallest available quantity of albuminoids and fat, we admit every day that this excess of nitrogenous matter and fat is bad. A slice of meat is, so to speak, diluted with potato, and thus brings the whole down to about the composition of a fairly-arranged vegetarian meal. And by this he means, not merely potatoes and cabbages, but a properly selected, well-cooked, nutritious vegetable food." He then proceeds to illustrate by making an analytic comparison of Count Rumford's No. 1 soup, without bread, and of beef and potatoes, without bread.

It shows that in one hundred parts of the material of Rumford's half-penny dinner, composed of peas and barley meal, as compared with the beef and potatoes, which he styles a "mixed diet," there is 40 per cent. more of nitrogenous food, more than six and a half times as much starch, more than double the quantity of sugar, about 17 per cent. more of fat, and only a little less of salts. The water in the "mixed diet" is nearly three-quarters of the whole, but in Rumford's soup only 15 per cent. It was such an analysis as convinced the great scientific philanthropist that less than five ounces of solids was sufficient for each man's dinner, more satisfactory than a pound of beef and potatoes, costing a shilling (English) or more per pound of steak, and three fourths water at that. Dr. Williams is himself convinced of the "fallacy of the prevailing notions concerning the nutritive value of the mixed diet," a fallacy which is merely an inherited epidemic, a baseless physical superstition." Next he proceeds to give an analysis of the Highlander's porridge, of oatmeal, and shows that, as compared with the beef and potatoes referred to, it is "superior in every item except the water," a deficiency which can be readily supplied in the cookery. He remarks upon it, that if we could, as in the case of oatmeal, see our portion of beef or mutton and potatoes reduced to dryness, the smallness of the quantity of actually solid food required for a meal would be similarly manifest.

Nevertheless, he does not denounce flesh food as a prolific source of disease, as inflaming the passions, or as generally demoralizing. He refuses to make a religion of eating or of drinking, or of abstaining. Certain elementary substances are demanded for our sustenance. They are not supplied by nature fit for our use excepting in fruit. They need to be first prepared. One mode of preparation is to do it all in the kitchen by bringing the produce of the earth directly there, and the other is to pass our food first through the stomach, intestines, blood vessels etc., of sheep and oxen as a substitute for the first stages of cookery. Dietetically, the result is about the same. While he does not hesitate to say that 'flesh feeding is a nasty practice,' he sees 'no grounds for denouncing it as physiologically injurious.' He adds that his experiments upon himself, and the multitude of experiments he is witnessing daily among men of all occupations who have cast flesh food aside after many years of mixed diet, 'prove incontestably that flesh food is quite unnecessary.' But the difference he regards as 'enormous' on economical grounds. 'If all Englishmen were vegetarians,' says Dr. Williams, 'the whole aspect of the country would be changed. It would be a land of gardens and orchards, instead of gradually reverting to prairie grazing ground as at present. The unemployed miserables of our great towns, the inhabitants of our union workhouses, and all our rogues and vagabonds would find ample and suitable employment in agriculture. Every acre of land would require three or four times as much labor as at present, and feed five or six times as many people.' And very properly does he add, that no sentimental exaggeration is demanded for the recommendation of such a reform as this.

BURNING THE FORESTS.

Such a general conflagration of the forests of the northern States bordering on the Atlantic as has been going on this spring, and especially during April and May, is said to be without a parallel. It has been on so vast a scale as to almost excite a feeling of consternation among the owners of extensive woodlands and those others who are no less interested in their preservation and replacement. Heavy timber has been thus ruthlessly destroyed in immense quantities. From northern New Hampshire to the mountains of Virginia these wasteful fires have committed their ravages unstayed. One cause of it is said to be the early and rapid melting of the snows in the spring, owing in turn to the previous forest destruction, and the unusually dry weather, almost threatening drouth, which prevailed not long afterward. Spring, too, is the time when fires in the woods kindle and spread with the greatest readiness. Brush fires are then freely kindled, and suffered practically to take care of themselves. These flaming brush heaps soon spend their own force and communicate their heat and flame to the adjacent woods and forests, where the fires run wild for days together.

It is natural, perhaps, that the farmers should choose the dryest time in the year to kindle these dangerous brush fires; but under the circumstances, and especially with such costly experience for their guidance, it is singular that they do not in such cases consult more carefully all the conditions that should govern them in order to secure the utmost safety. A well informed contemporary makes the statement that the greater number of forest fires in all the settled portions of the United States can be traced to such carelessness on the part of farmers. It therefore calls for their regulation in this respect by statute, particularly because they thus endanger the property of their neighbors and the general welfare of the community. Public welfare and public safety, it declares, demand that some reasonable check be placed upon this useless destruction of valuable property. Forests are valuable to the entire community as well as to their owners, and therefore their destruction by fire should be prevented, so as it is possible to prevent it. The Adirondack commission proposed a bill to the New York legislature for this very purpose of regulating the starting of fires upon farms or in clearing land in the neighborhood of forests.

WHEAT AND BREAD.

The breadstuffs speculators are to be put through a process of examination before their statements are credited in full. Telegrams from abroad have of late been busily insinuating that the crop prospects in Europe are no whit better than they are at home, and that India and Australia made no better showing than Europe did. Actual reports, however, made up of facts since collected by reliable authority, show that a bountiful wheat harvest has already been gathered in India; that in Australia there is a yield far above the average; that New Zealand has been deprived of her advantage by the intervention of rains. Great Britain was somewhat seriously threatened by the exceptionally dry weather in April, but a decided change to wet has wrought a correspondingly favorable change for both wheat and hay. It is acknowledged to be a backward season in England, as it is with us, but the May rains have done good work in supplying resources for crops of large dimensions. It is the same here in the United States. The prospects are fully as promising in the other European countries as in Great Britain. Everywhere it was a dry April, followed by a wet May.

Throughout Great Britain the wheat fields look finely, being not at all hindered in their promise by the backwardness of Spring. Even farmers, says a London journal, who as a rule do not take a sanguine view of crop prospects, generally admit that they have seldom seen so fine a promise of a bounteous harvest. The world over there appears to be no visible cause to apprehend short crops, especially in the great staple from which we derive our bread supply. Labor therefore has nothing to fear from an advance in the price of bread. Wheat is more and more raised in every country on the face of the globe. It is not every country, however, that possesses the climate favorable for corn, and in this respect we enjoy a practical monopoly. Only in Russia and along the Danube can it be profitably cultivated outside the United States. If grain should fall instead of advancing, as appears wholly probable, the farmer can lose nothing by it; on the contrary, he has everything to gain; he will be sure of supplying his own wants at low prices, and that will enable him to adapt his system of culture to the actual and average requirements of the market. If this has to be done, there can be no better time for it than when prices of commodities are low.

We have come to the very end of spring; and a more cold, wet and backward spring, so far as planted crops are concerned, has rarely been known. The wet weather, however, so persistently continued, has done a good work for grass, which never looked more densely matted at the roots, and consequently never promised a better crop for cutting or pasturing. There is no danger of grass coming up spindling, this year. Tree vegetation appears vigorous and abundant. The foliage promises a density that will not fail to be appreciated when the heat of the summer suns prevail. The fruit prospects it is premature to conjecture. As this is known as the odd year for apples, it is not reckoned the bearing year. Some people say that such a thing was not heard of when they were young, but that may be owing to the comparatively lax observation prevalent in those days respecting such matters. The farmers will be as busy as bees now for the coming month, when the vegetation in the tilled grounds will literally walk up into their glad recognition. June is the superb month, and here we stand right at its open gate.

It is reported from Russian sources that Russia has abandoned her claim to Zulfikar and Maruchak, but that the negotiations with England are likely to be prolonged in order that a complete and final treaty may be concluded. The English war preparations are slackening, and peace is now regarded as certain. The belief is growing that the Earl of Roseberry's visit to Berlin is of political importance. A rumor says that he and Count Schouvaloff, who are both in Berlin, will ask the Emperor to undertake the arbitration between England and Russia. It is added that if this should prove true, it shows that the affair will indeed be a farce. Assurances of peace are given everywhere except in Calcutta. Nevertheless, night work and over time are hastily resumed in the royal arsenal in England, and orders are again issued by the admiralty to expedite the armament of mercantile cruisers. Indian troop ships have been ordered to be ready for sea as soon as possible. Faroe Sound has been closed by torpedoes by the Swedish government. Five new sheltered batteries have been constructed on the coast of Finland. Odessa and Sebastopol are being fortified with all speed. This does not look as if the cry of peace really meant peace.

— It is the purpose of the New England Meteorological Society to find out all it can this summer about thunder storms. It therefore issues invitations to observers in every New England town to unite in marking the leading features of such storms as come within their ken, and report to headquarters; such, for instance, as the time when the rain begins to fall, the direction of the wind, the duration of rain, etc.

READ AND RUN.

— It is sarcastically suggested to put the inauguration of the State government back to the last Wednesday of May, as it was prior to 1831.

— The principle of minority representation has been recognized by the legislature of Michigan.

— Tennis and trotting are the spring sports at Washington.

— This week takes us out of spring,—and *such* a spring!

— An exchange remarks that honesty, "after all," is the best policy.

— A steamer now makes seven trips daily between New York and Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty is to be placed.

— In the valley of the Mohawk a hay famine is predicted for the present season.

— Some of the most prominent pulpits in Boston are occupied by men of foreign birth and training.

— At least the study of geography is promoted by England's wars in remote countries.

— The Paris cafe that has been the resort of Parisian chess players for over a century, has been closed.

— The two remaining lectures of John Ruskin as a professor are to be on "The Pleasures of England."

— A man's hat will serve in most cases as a temporary life preserver when in danger of drowning.

— The Pennsylvania legislature has passed a law forbidding the sale of oleomargarine.

— A hammerless gun has been invented by Mr. W. H. Whitney of East Brookfield, Mass., which combines rapidity in loading and firing with absolute safety.

— The death of Victor Hugo has called forth a full shower of critical eulogies, in England and in France.

— When a trout reaches the weight of two pounds or over, he will destroy more of his kind in a year than he can produce.

— A railway is projected from Washington to Mount Vernon.

— Mr. E. P. Whipple has a long essay in the June North American Review on the "Swearing Habit."

— This has been anniversary week in Boston.

— Chicago is fast earning the name of being a city of agitators.

— Bismarck is just now at loggerheads with Sarah Bernhardt.

— Locusts have made their appearance in the Merrimac Valley, New Hampshire.

— The shortest street in Paris, if not in the world, is but sixteen feet long, and it has neither doors, windows, numbers, nor sign posts.

— Destructive lumber fires have been prevailing in Michigan.

— Ex President Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, is over 82 years old, and his faculties are unimpaired.

— It is proposed to raise the funds in England with which to fight Russia by raising the tax on patent medicines.

— Twenty miles is the distance penetrated by the fog signal now in use.

— Chicago's board of trade building, with the land, cost about $1,800,000.

— Strawberries, large and plenty, are coming up from Norfolk and Baltimore to this market.

— Such is the progress in methods of carrying on wars that all the existing fortifications on our coast are of little use.

— It is now the open season for woodchuck, and before next December thousands of the tawny haired, round bodied animals will be slaughtered in eastern Connecticut and western Rhode Island.

— This is not the 'bearing year" for apple trees, yet there are swarms of blossoms on many of them.

— New York is compared by an imaginative writer to a ham sandwich, where the meat lies along the middle of the island, and the slices of stale bread along the banks of the rivers.

— The more comprehensive movement for a confederation of the United Kingdom with all of the British colonies, now virtually self governing, has made some headway of late, but meets with the same obstruction as thwarts the agitation for home rule.

— Russia has been steadily stimulating the study of the languages of central Asia in her own universities.

— The average wheat yield of the country for the past eight years has been 443,500,000 bushels, which is at least 30,000,000 less than the estimated crop and the surplus of last year will give this year.

— Secretary of the Navy Whitney has reached the conclusion that it is cheaper for the government to give away old vessels than to pay for breaking them up.

— It is now pretty well concluded that ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen died from the effects of the aconite he swallowed from a bottle of Congress Spring water.

—Large quantities of timber are now creosoted at the West, by a special process, for railroad purposes, the effect being to increase the tenacity of the wood for holding spikes, as well as its density, and its ability to resist mechanical wear.

—A great many napkins and other articles of usefulness are now made in Europe from the bark of the paper mulberry tree.

—President Cleveland is said to have gained twenty pounds since he occupied the White House.

—The artichoke is becoming a favorite crop with pork raisers in Arizona. It is hardy and very productive, requires no cultivation after planting, and possesses remarkable fattening qualities. One variety, the large white sweet, will produce 15,000 pounds to the acre, and furnish feed for twenty-five to fifty head of swine for three months.

—The new invention for a balloon is not so much for reconnoisance as for waging war in the air, to be supplied with dynamite bombs, which can be dropped upon a fleet, a city, a fort, or an encampment of troops. It promises to introduce a new and formidable element into warfare.

—As Heber Newton says—"We need more men turned from non-producers to producers, because we need a vastly larger production of wealth for better distribution."

—The rumors now are that Russia has abandoned her claim to Zulfikar and Maruchak, and peace with England is now regarded as certain.

—Senator Edmunds of Vermont has been suddenly summoned to England to testify as an expert on some points of American law in a case pending before the British House of Lords.

—Prof. Riley, of the entomological division of the Agricultural Bureau says that the seventeen year locusts, whose visit he had predicted, are harmless to growing crops, and do no injury except to the twigs of forests and fruit trees. Whenever young orchards have been planted on land cleared during the last seventeen years, the trees are liable to suffer somewhat; but it is probable that kerosene emulsion sprayed upon the trees will protect them.

—The rebellion in the Northwest is practically over.

—The funeral of Victor Hugo is not to take place until next Sunday.

—Prof. William J. Rolfe advises every student, young or old, to read Herbert Spencer's essay on rhetorical art, in which he lays down the law of economizing mental labor.

—The British Charitable Society of Boston celebrated the 66th. birthday of Queen Victoria by a banquet at the Quincy House, on Monday evening.

— Mr. Charles A. Stetson, the original proprietor of the Astor House of New York, is reported to be seriously ill, and little hope is entertained of his recovery. He is more than 75 years old. Formerly he was one of the best known men in New York, and was accounted a model landlord, possessing a fine presence, marked grace of demeanor, and a rare gift of speech. For 30 years he was the head of the Astor House. He was one of Daniel Webster's most intimate friends, and always kept a suite of rooms at his hotel for the distinguished states man when in New York.

— The Boston Advertiser squarely asks—"Has the country reached the point where it is ready to stand by the economic position of protecting high priced labor by laws retarding immigration?"

— A milk war is impending in and around Philadelphia. The parties to it are the countrymen and dairy farmers, who are now paid four cents a quart, and the wholesale dealers, who propose in future to pay only three cents a quart, saying that they can get all they need at the reduced price. The farmers are organizing, and apparently have the advantage of position.

— There are some seventy five post offices in the Indian territory, and some of them have been and still are in charge of Indian postmasters.

"Hunt's Remedy is valuable and its benefits are permanent. Cured me of kidney disease." SULLIVAN FENNER, Providence, R. I.

— The late Secretary Frelinghuysen's scheme was to create a great American tariff union, which was to embrace Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central America, Cuba, and other Spanish and English West Indian trade centres, and a number, if not all, of the South American States. Commerce among the reciprocating governments was to be stimulated by subsidized steamship lines, and by the immediate construction of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States.

Hunt's Remedy, cures speedily bilious headache, costiveness, dyspepsia, strengthens the stomach, and purifies the blood.

Editor's Table.

A new and revised edition of *The American Fruit Culturist*, the 19th, by John F. Thomas, has just appeared from the publishers, William Wood & Co., 56 and 58 Lafayette Place, New York. The value of the book is too widely known and appreciated to need any explanatory comment. It contains practical directions for the propagation and culture of all fruits adapted to the United States, and is illustrated with 519 fine wood engravings. It is a 12mo. volume of 593 pages, bound in extra muslin, and its price is $2 00 by mail, free of postage. A revision has been made in this edition throughout, and there have been added descriptions of the newer strawberries, raspberries, peaches and grapes; lists of some of these fruits once famous, but now passing out of cultivation; directions for pruning orchards; construction of fruit houses and the best modes for storing fruits; new illustrations of budding and grafting; management of orange groves in Florida, etc., etc. The present edition is in a more compact and less expensive form than the last one, embracing all the former matter of value, together with additions to bring it down to the present time. It forms a most comprehensive horticultural treatise, and may be used both as a cyclopedia and a handbook for all purposes relating to the propagation, choice, and care of fruits of every kind.

The Atlantic Monthly for June proposes a list of contents like the following, and it is to be set down as first class, both individually and in combination; The New Portfolio, chapters 9 and 10, by O. W. Holmes; Mr. Oliphant, by Harriet W. Preston; The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, chapters 11 and 12, by Charles Egbert Craddock; Within and Without, by Celia Thaxter; Dime Museums, From a Naturalist's point of view, by J. G. Wood; Modern Vandalism, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; A Marsh Island, chapters 19-23, by Sarah Orne Jewett; Dawn and Dusk; Six Months at Astrakan, by Edmund Noble; A Country Gentleman, chapters 17-20, by Mrs. Oliphant; Contrast; The Quoddy Hermit, by Kate Gannett Wells; Our Political Delusion, by J. Lawrence Laughlin; The Forests and the Census, by Francis Parkman; The Ring, by John B. Tabb; The Religious Aspect of Philosophy; The Huguenot Emigration to America; Four Novels—a review; The Contributor's Club; and, Books of the Month.

The Popular Science Monthly for June has this most interesting list of contents: Are We to become Africanized? by Henry Gannett; The Nervous System and Consciousness, by W. R. Benedict; The State *versus* The Man; a Criticism of Herbert Spencer; by Emile de Lovelege; A Rejoinder to M. de Lovelege, by Herbert Spencer; Whates, Past and Present, by W. H. Flower, F. R. S., illustrated; The Fuel of the Future, by George Wardman; Use of Sulphurous Disinfectants, by G. Tissandier, illustrated; The Mediterranean of Canada, by J. Macdonald Oxley; The Ways of Monkeys; by Dr. Alfred E. Brehm; Moths and Moth Catchers; first paper, by Augustus R. Grote, A. M., Concerning Kerosene, by Prof. S. F. Peckham; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Sketch of Dr. Alfred E. Brehm, with portrait; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; and, Notes. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

Cassell's Family Magazine for June is full of variety both in reading and illustrations: A Diamond in the Rough; Sweet Christabel; The Balloon of the Future; A Riverside Reverie; An Evening with Sir Walter Scott; At the Trysting Place; Janet's Forgeries; Arm Chairs; An American Prison; The Flower Garden in May; and Vegetable Cookery, are among the inviting list of contents. Cupples, Upham & Co. have it for sale.

Value of a Protective Tariff to the Farmer, by Joseph Story Fay, is a recently issued pamphlet, containing an extract from the thirtieth annual report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts.

The Canadian Forester's Illustrated Guide, by J. C. Chapais, B. C. L., member of the general committee of the Forestry Association of the Province of Quebec, Canada, illustrated with 126 engravings from the French, has been received from the author, of the Department of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec. It is a timely and handsome issue. It treats of the preservation of the Canada forests, of their restoration, of the creation of new forests, and of special subjects connected with forestry. The author's endeavor has been to make the work useful to all the provinces of the Dominion on this side of the Rocky Mountains. It possesses great value for all who are interested in forestry. Copies may be had, 75 cents in paper, $1 00 in cloth, from J. A. Langlais, St. Joseph street, St. Roch, Quebec, Canada.

The Thirty Fourth Annual Report of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, making Vol. 26, has been received by the *Ploughman* from Alexander Heron, Secretary of the State Board at Indianapolis. It comprises a wide variety of valuable and timely reports of agricultural experience in that State.

The Twenty-Seventh Report of the Washingtonian Home, located at Washington street, Boston, is issued, and will prove of great interest to all friends of temperance reform.

Forestry a journal of Forest and Estate management, is a monthly magazine, now in its tenth volume, published by C. & R. Anderson, 377 High street, Edinburg, and 145 Queen Victoria street, London, E. C. The May number contains a wide variety of interesting papers.

The Premium List is issued for the next State Fair, by the Rhode Island Society for the State Fair to be held at Narragansett Park, near Providence, from September 21 to 25 inclusive. This will constitute the Sixty-fifth anniversary of the Society. All good farmers in Rhode Island will be eager to consult the pages of this attractive agricultural publication.

The New Model Eureka Mower. The descriptive circular deserves to be in the hands of all farmers, who can get it by merely sending for it. The "Eureka" is illustrated in operation in another column of the *Ploughman*. It is of very light draft; a direct draft, and not a side draft mower; has but little gearing, especially level gears, which waste power by increasing friction; and challenges every mower known in the quantity of grass it will cut in a given time. The circular fully describes its action and answers all criticisms and objections. Rapid cutting, and quick and even curing, are what the farmer chiefly wants in making his hay crop. The New Model Eureka fully answers these important requirements. It is to be had of T. B. Everett & Co., 43 South Market street, Boston, who offer it as "the cheapest mower in the market."

THE CREEDMOOR SUIT. — The advantages of the Creedmoor suit for boys are duly set forth in the advertisement of A. Shuman & Co., in another column, and we would emphasize their remark that it combines a shapely garment with comfort and durable materials. Messrs. A. Shuman & Co. have made a great hit in the various exclusive styles for gentlemen as well as boys which they have introduced this season, but no one exceeds in popularity the plaited Creedmoor suit for boys. A glance at the illustration will show the superiority in fit of the hour glass back over the ordinary straight cut, and a further examination of the prices will show that the range of prices places these suits within the means of all.

MRS. DR. TUCK, whose advertisement appears in our columns, is the same whose "Hygienic Retreat" at South Weymouth we advertised some years ago. The Doctor has moved her office from 28 Winter to 48 Boylston St., where she is successfully treating diseases of women and children. Also makes a specialty of Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervous and Kidney Diseases, and very successful in removing tumors. Has studied the "mind cure" as a science, and uses it as a remedial agent when the patient requests it, or when she thinks it is advisable.

— The crops in southern and western Minnesota report a favorable outlook.

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Ricker, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate human sufferings. "Last fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs. Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "And everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.

— Of the one and a quarter million city debt falling due against Boston during the present financial year, over $400,000 is for money borrowed in 1863 to pay bounties to Boston volunteers enlisting in the war of the Rebellion.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "SCIENCE OF LIFE," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men. april1-y

IS THIS POSSIBLE!

Report comes that General Grant's improved condition is due to the fact that he is using a "simple vegetable preparation" forwarded by one of our consuls from South America, and sent him by the Surgeon General! Is this possible! By an "unauthorized" remedy? Shocking!

And yet, if this "simple vegetable preparation" were owned and advertised by any one as a specific for this terrible disease, certainly the Surgeon General would not recommend it, nor would bigoted physicians prescribe it!

Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day, as the late Dr. J. G. Holland stated in *Scribner's Monthly*, were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd persons, knowing of their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secured and advertised them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them!

Isn't this absurd!

We believe that a remedy, if properly made, is just as effective when put up, advertised and sold in bulk, as when doled out to patients at enormous expense by their physicians.

Why not?

If General Grant is getting better through a simple unauthorized vegetable preparation where is the vaunted exclusive skill of the medical profession!

Apropos of the suspension of some very prominent members by the Medical and Chirurgical faculty of Maryland, for endorsing advertised remedies, the Baltimore *American* (April 25) says that "when a patent medicine goes on year after year widening its circle of believers, it is a pretty fair evidence that there is merit in it. The regular doctors may ignore it and expel any of their members who use it, but when they do so their action *looks more like envy against a successful remedy than a true desire to protect the public.*" The failure in the Garfield and Grant cases, the *American* thinks, and properly, has knocked professional pretentions higher than a kite.

But this is not a singular instance of unprofessional power over "incurable diseases." That "simple vegetable preparation" now everywhere known as Warner's safe cure, was once an unauthorized remedy; was pronounced a "god send" to the medical profession for the cure of kidney and liver disorders, malaria, general debility, spring feebleness, female irregularities, etc., by many leading physicians, but when the formula was fully perfected, and the medicine was put up in bulk and advertised so that every sufferer might know of it and *treat himself*, then the profession turned upon it and let their patients die rather than use it!

This is certainly a strange proceeding, but it is on a level with all the rules and regulations of a code which has gone so far as to forbid a physician displaying beyond a certain size his name and profession upon his sign!

But the world moves, and merit wins the fight!

— The juice of the Bartlett pear is used in some diseases in California both for food and drink. The invalid first loses flesh upon it, and then gains strength.

EDUCATED AND EXPERIENCED.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., who have a thorough knowledge of pharmacy, and many years practical experience in the business. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as a thoroughly pure, honest, and reliable medicine.

— M. Renan says there is no art of speaking more than there is any art of writing. To speak well requires that one think highly. Oratorical success or literary success have but one cause which is absolute sincerity.

Liver Complaint and all its attendant ails, yield at once to the alterative and tonic properties of Dr. Warren's Billous Bitters.

— Dr. Hammond, discussing the question "How Shall Women Dress?" would prescribe trousers for all women who do manual labor, and reserve the gown and petticoats exclusively for the upper ten.

From Rev. E. S. Ufford, pastor Baptist Church.

EAST AUBURN, ME.

"ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM IS TRULY A specific. My lungs and throat were in an inflamed and almost congested condition, from which I have been cured by the use of Adamson's Balsam."

Price 10 cents. 35 cents and 75 cents.

— It has been well said that "the sextual drama" suits the French palate, harmonizes with the Parisian temperament and disposition, and is an elegant vehicle of the literary embroidery which characterizes the decadent letters of France.

Happiness is a great blessing to be purchased at so small a cost as that of a bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer.

— There are $7,500,000 invested in railroads in the United States, two thirds of which is probably cash, and 650,000 persons are employed in the distribution of products by their agency. They move 400 million tons annually.

MY MOTHER began gaining from first dose she took of DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR. She is rid of those bad feelings about her heart now, the relief is permanent, other remedies only helped her a few minutes—Miss Clara Bradt, Lawton, Mich. $1.00 per bottle. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

— The communists of Paris attempted to hold a demonstration on Sunday last, the anniversary of the fall of the Commune, at the tombs of their comrades. The police interfered and prevented a display of seditious emblems. A serious conflict ensued, in which several men were wounded.

"That tired feeling," from which you suffer so much, particularly in the morning, is entirely thrown off by "Hood's Sarsaparilla"

— President Cleveland, a few men may be interested to know, shaves himself.

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm," so is many a youth cut down by the gnawing worm *consumption*. But it can be made to release its hold and stop its gnawing. Dr Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will if taken in time, effect permanent cures, not only in consumption, but in all cases of chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases.

MARRIAGES.

In this city May 11th, by Rev. James W. Higgins' Alden D. Russell of Cambridge to Laura E. Vickers of Somerville.

In Manchester, Mass., May 21st, by Rev. D. O. Clark, John Sayers to Jessie McIntosh, both of Boston.

In Cambridge, May 21st, by Rev. William E. Huntington, assisted by Rev. James McWhinnie, James L. Paine to Mary Woolson, eldest daughter of J. A. Woolson, all of Cambridge.

DEATHS.

In this city, May 23d, suddenly, Robert K. Darrah in the 67th year of his age.

In this city, May 21st, Mrs. Hannah A. Russell, 65 years, wife of Charles Russell.

In East Lexington, May 21st, Oliver Brown, 68 years.

In Bunker Hill District, Mary J., wife of Benjamin B. Hamblen, 57 years.

In Dorchester Lower Mills, May 22d, John Hannon, 62 years.

In Natick, Mass., May 22d, John Jennings, 64 yrs.

In Malden, May 21st, Mrs. Agnes Joseph, wife of Vicenzo Joseph, 55 years.

In West Bridgewater, May 21st, Miss Minerva Ames, 48 years.

In Dorchester, May 23d, Augustus W. Perrin, 67 years.

In Newton Centre, May 23d, Wilson Jarvis Welch, 67 years 4 months.

In Melrose, May 23d, Elizabeth F. Trowbridge, 74 years 11 months.

FLOUR AND GRAIN MARKET.

BOSTON FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The flour market continues in about the same condition, trade ruling quiet, with light sales. Corn is very dull and prices are nominal. In oats there were fair sales on call. The large receipts of oats in Chicago, taken with the heavy cut in freight rates Saturday, made sellers very anxious to realize and prices were run down over one cent on No. 2 white oats.

Flour.—Fine at $3 00 ⅌ bbl; superfine at $3 25@3 75; common extra, $4@4 25; medium extra at $4 50@4 75; choice extra at $5 00; Minnesota bakers' at $4 50@5 00; New York roller at $5 40@5 50; Michigan nominal at $5@5 15; Michigan roller at $5 25@5 50; Ohio, Indiana, Southern Illinois and St. Louis patents at $5 90a6 15; Ohio, Indiana, Southern Illinois and St. Louis straights at $5 50@5 75; some fancy higher; Ohio, Indiana, Southern Illinois and St. Louis clears at $5 25@5 50; Minnesota spring patents at $6 00@6 15; some fancy higher; Wisconsin spring patents at $5 90@6 00. Cornmeal at $2 70 ⅌ bbl. Rye flour at $4 37½@5 00. Oatmeal at $5 25 ⅌ bbl for fine and $5 75 for cut.

Corn.—High mixed at 59@60c; steamer yellow at 58@58½c; steamer mixed at 57½@58c; good no-grade at 55@57c, as to quality and color.

Oats.—Choice barley at 48@48c; No. 1 white at 48c; No. 2 white at 44@44½c; No. 3 white at 43@43½c; mixed at 42@43c, as to quality.

Mill-feed.—Bran at $15 50@16 ⅌ ton in bulk for spring, with winter wheat at $16@17, in sacks about $1 more; feed and middlings in bulk at $15 50@20 00 ⅌ ton; some fancy higher. Cottonseed meal at $27 00@28 00 ⅌ ton for prime new on spot, and $26 75 to arrive.

Rye.—Quiet at 90@93c ⅌ bush for No. 1 New York in a small way.

The above quotations, except for rye, are receivers' prices for car lots.

TOLEDO, May 25.—Wheat firm; No. 2 red at 93½c; No. 2 soft at $1 03½. Corn quiet; No. 2 at 50c. Oats nominal.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Flour dull; Southern winter wheat at $4 80@5 25; Wisconsin winter $4 20@5 00; Michigan winter $4 25@5 00; soft spring at $3 50@4 25; Minnesota bakers' at $3 50@4 50; patent at $4 75@5 75; low grades at $2 00@3 00. Rye flour at $3 80@4 00. Wheat very quiet; May at 88½@88¼c; closing at 88¼c; No. 2 spring at 88½@88¾c; No. 3 spring at 78@78½c; No. 2 red at 96@97c; No. 3 do at 86@87c. Corn lower at 45½@45¾c. Oats lower at 32¼@32½c. Rye dull; No. 2 at 71c.

MILWAUKEE, May 25.—Flour dull. Wheat firm; No. 2 Milwaukee at 88¼c. Corn easier; No. 2 at 46½c. Oats lower; No. 2 at 32½c. Rye quiet; No. 1 at 74c. Barley inactive; No. 2 at 67c.

ST. LOUIS, May 25.—Flour lower; XX at $3 40@3 50; XXX at $3 65@3 75; family at $3 90@4 00; choice at $4 40@4 50; fancy at $4 85@5 25; patents at $5 50@5 90. Wheat lower; No. 2 red at $1 05. Corn lower; No. 2 mixed at 46@47½c. Oats lower; No. 2 mixed at 37c. Rye lower; offered at 74c.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N Y nov8-181

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING May 20.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats	Fat Hogs.	Veal
This week..	1990	8,992	208	11,154	176
Last week..	2312	10,344	298	15,259	1676
One yr ago	2813	6,315	307	14,336	1392

Horses...... 282

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $8 00@8 50; first quality, $7 00@7 50; second quality, $6 00@6 50; third quality, $5 00@5 50; a few choice single pairs, $ @ ; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $4 00@4 50.

Working Oxen.—$100@225@ ; @ handy steers, $60@120 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $25@35; extra, $40@48; farrow and dry, $15@31. Fancy milch Cows, $50@80.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings $10 00@20 00; two-year olds, $14@30; three-year old, $24@43.

Sheared sheep—Per lb, live, 2½@4½ cts; extra 4½@5½c. Sheep and Lambs ⅌ head, in lots, $2 00@5 25 Spring Lambs $6 00@9 00 ⅌ head. Yearlings 5½@6½c. Last year Lambs @ c ⅌ lb.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb 4½@4½cts, live weight; Shotes, wholesale, @c; retail, 5@10c N Y Pigs, @ Northern Dressed Hogs, 5@5½c. Suckling pigs, @ $

Veal Calves.—3½@5½c. ⅌ lb.

A few selected Brighton Hides, @c.

Hides—Brighton, 7a7½c ⅌ lb; country lots, 6½@7c; light, @ c.

Stags and Bull Hides, @c; heavy, @c.

Calf Skins.—10@11c. Small hides, c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 5½@5½c lb; country lots, 3½@4c

Pelts—65c@$1 10 each; Country lots, 65c@$1 10 dairy skins, 50@75c.

Sheared Skins, @ c each; Lamb skins 45@60c each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine	83		New York.	16	850
N. Hampshire	51	1112	R I &	13	....
Vermont	185	1458	Western.	1538	4,782
Massachusetts	104	760	Canada	64	
			-Provinces-		
Total				1990	8,992
Left over.					

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg	927	4149	Eastern	87	
Lowell	101	191	Old Colony		
Boston-Alb.	823	4,652	Onf't&Boats	52	
N Y & N E			Boston & Me		
Total				1990	8,992

Drovers & Droves. Cattle and Sheep

	Cattle	Sheep		Cattle	Sheep
Maine.			[illegible]		700
Blaisdell & Wormwell	10		M C Roundy	4	300
Libby-Sons	20		J Engram	4	
Libby & Weiler	19		J M Dyer	21	
W H Cummings	20		A B Edwards	2	
F H Coolidge & Son	12		Ricker-Moore		1
W E Fisher	10		Britton-Savage		33
New Hampshire.			A Williamson	20	
I B Sargent-Co.	4		G H Sprigg		143
R Barrett	6		J B Remick	6	
Breck & Wood	12	400	**Massachusetts**		
Aldrich & Johnson	14	520	W H Bardwell	8	204
C Hooper		189	J S Henry	39	148
Dow & Moulton	8		A S Smith	7	247
H A Wilcox	7	2	E E Todd		48
Vermont.			C W Rice		53
G B Evans	6		Scattering	50	
F S Kimball	5	3	**New York.**		
Sargent-Turner		120	E A Holls		305
J Carroll	23		D McCarthy	14	
B S Hastings	20	20	B B Hurlbert	2	
J Counter	1		B Long		545
M G Flanders	3		**Connecticut.**		
Piper & Pond	24	85	B A Abbe	13	
W A Farnham	11	2	**Western States.**		
Flint & Blanchard	9	42	Hathaway & Jackson	343	
Martin-Squier	5		M Goldsmith	385	
C P Burke	2		J B Thomas		220
J McCarthy	2	9	G A Sawyer		240
W G Townsend	13		A N Monroe	743	
A Worthein	13		Hollis & Co		3,200
R E French jr	7		Dan Brown		1212
			E H Eames	17	
			Farrell & McFlynn	18	

OWNERS OF VEALS.

MAINE.—Blaisdell & Wormwell, 23; Libby & Sons 35; Libby & Weiler, 30; F. H. Coolidge & Son, 15

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—I. B. Sargent & Co., 32; R. Barrett, 6; Breck & Wood, 50; Aldrich & Johnson, 17; Dow & Moulton, 140; H. A. Wilcox, 62.

VERMONT.—G. B. Evans, 248; F. S. Kimball, 150; Sargent & Turner, 30; N. K. Campbell, 26; B. S. Hastings, 118; J. Counter, 6; H. Ingerson, agent, 25; M G. Flanders, 45; Piper & Pond, 119; W. A. Farnham, 52; Martin & Squier, 30; C. P. Burke, 50; J. McCarthy, 26; W. G. Townsend, 5; A. Worthein, 51; R. E. French, agent, 11; M. C. Roundy, 18; J. Engram, 50; Ricker & Moore, 38; Britton & Savage, 11; A. Williamson, 119; G. H. Sprigg, 210.

MASSACHUSETTS.—J. S. Henry, 30.

NEW YORK.—D. McCarthy, 30.

WATERTOWN MARKET.

Union Market, Tuesday, May 26, 1885.

The usual display of live stock. The run of cattle at these yards was very nearly the same as last week, and butchers had full as good an assortment to select from, when we except very fancy cattle. The best sales we could learn of were those that sold at 6½c live weight, or about the same as 8½c dressed weight, and what were found at that rate were the exceptions this week. Oxen considered pretty good quality were sold at 8c. Butchers are not in the way to pay over 8c for much of anything, considering the meat market; 412 head of the arrivals for export and have sailed; others go later in the week. The trade, all things considered, was quite fair, and prices generally sustained.

HOW CATTLE WERE SOLD AT UNION MARKET.

The best pair of cattle at market noticed were sold by A. A. Smith of his own feeding, that weighed 3400 lbs, at 6½c ⅌ lb, live weight; he sold also 2 oxen, averaging 1700 lbs, at 8c dressed weight; 2 cows, 2780 lbs, at 5c live.

Sales of 2 oxen, 2700 lbs, at $135; 1 beef cow to dress 600 lbs, at $36, and 1 store steer, weight 800 lbs, at $18, by I. B. Sargent.

Fourteen steers that averaged 1214 lbs, at 5½c ⅌ lb, live, by J. W. Dyer.

Two cattle to dress 1000 lbs, at 8c, by W. H. Bardwell.

Two cattle, averaging 1400 lbs, at $5 20 live, by B. Hurlbert.

Four cattle, averaging 1500 lbs, at 5c, by W. G. Townsend.

Four cattle, averaging 1300 lbs, at 5½c; 2 averaging 1600 lbs, at 5½c, by H. A. Wilcox.

Eight steers and 2 cows, averaging 820 lbs, at 4c live, by D. McCarthy.

Two oxen to dress 900 lbs, at 8c, by S. M. Flint.

Ten cattle to dress 1150lbs, at 7½c, by J. S. Henry.

Sales of 11 Western steers, averaging 1251 lbs, at 5½c; 21 do, averaging 1235 lbs, at $5 55; 16 do, averaging 1450 lbs, at 6c; 8 do, averaging 1210 lbs, at 5½c; 8 do, averaging 1198 lbs, at 5½c, by Hathaway & Jackson.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

WESTERN CATTLE.

PRICES ⅌ CWT ON THE LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra	$6.37½@6.62½	Light to fair	$5.50 @5.75
Good to prime	6.00 @6.25	Slim	5.00 @5.25

A few lots of premium steers cost.. 6.50 @6.75

Brighton Market, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 19 and 20.

Acceptable to buyers and sellers was the early arrival of the cattle train on Tuesday. A little short of one thousand head of cattle were landed at Brighton station up to Tuesday night, or for six days. The movement for beeves for slaughtering purposes at home was called fair. The general tone was at full last week's rates, and the bulk of the offerings were considered ripe for beef. Sales were for the most part in car load lots, with a few in less numbers. The export trade calls for a fine class of cattle. Those sold to home butchers range largely from 5½@6c ⅌ lb as sold at live weight. Only a few State cattle offered for beef, such being mostly for store.

SALES AT BRIGHTON.

Sales of 10 steers av 1200 lbs at $5.75 live; 4 do av 1250 lbs at 6c; 3 do av 1200 lbs at $5.70, by E. H. Eames.

Sales of 22 steers av 1300 lbs at $5.80; 10 do av 1292 lbs at $5.75; 18 do av 1050 lbs at $5.55, by Farrell & EcFlynn.

Late arrivals and sales of cattle at Brighton on Wednesday.

Hollis & Co. 6 cars of sheep, and 1 car of horses went through into Boston.

Sales of milch cows from $40@$65, by A. Stone.

Ten milch cows were sold as follows: 2 at $40 each; 2 at $35 each; 2 at $45 each; 3 at $50 each; 1 at $47, by Piper & Pond.

Sales of 1 springer at $50, by J. Goodnow.

Sales of 2 milch cows at $55 each; 1 at $36, by A. Worthein.

Sales of 1 pair working oxen, girthing 7 ft 3200 lbs, at $150; 1 pair 7 ft cattle, 2800 lbs, at $135; 2 pairs 6 ft 6 in cattle, 2550 lbs the pair, at $120@125, by J. D. Hosmer.

Sales of 1 milch cow $60; 1 at $43, by W. Scollans.

Sales of 6 stockers av 700 lbs at 4½c live; 1 milch cow $32; 1 at $50; 1 at $55, by N. E. Winn.

Sales of 2 milch cows at $46.50 each; 1 at $60; 1 at $36, by A. Williamson.

Sales of 1 new milch cow $35, by M. C. Roundy.

Sales of 2 new milch cows $45 each, by Breck & Wood.

Sales of 3 milch cows, the lot, at $136; 2 at $50 each, 6 at $52 each, 1 at $45, by J. S. Henry.

Sales of 15 Western steers averaging 1308 lbs, at $5 65; 15 do, averaging 1436 lbs, at $6.00; 15 do, averaging 1346 lbs, at $5.60; 18 do, averaging 1326 lbs, at $5.34, by A. N. Monroe.

THE SHEEP TRADE.

The more ordinary grades of Sheep are still selling dull and owners find it difficult to sustain prices. Those of good quality find a more ready sale, and full prices are in most instances paid. There are still arrivals from White Creek, N. Y. One lot of 545 head were taken in by Berry Long, a lot of 305 winter Lambs said to be very fine, av 80 lbs, by E A Hollis, and we note the arrival to Dan Brown of 1,212 head, bought at Buffalo, of this lot 336 head being sheared Sheep, ave 133 lbs, 178 of these were all wethers, fed by Joseph Brown of Michigan; the home weight was 142 lbs and at Buffalo 133 lbs, a very fine collection.

A lot of 49 spring Lambs that av 52 lbs, at 11 cts ⅌ lb, by C W Rice.

A small lot of 80 lb sheared Sheep at 3½ cts, by J McCarthy.

33 sheared Sheep, weight 2,400 lbs at 3½ cts, by Britton & Savage.

87 sheared yearlings, 5,510 lbs at 5½ cts, by M C Roundy.

41 Sheep 2,590 lbs, at 4½ cts, by S M Flint.

49 yearlings 3,630 lbs, at 3½ cts; 86 do, weight 5,700 lbs at 5 cts; 92 do, 5,990 lbs at 4½ cts; 43, wool Sheep 4,340 lbs at 5½ cts, by Breck & Wood.

A small lot of 80 lb sheared Sheep at 3½ cts, by W A Farnum.

Sales of 48 spring Lambs, av nearly 61 lbs, at $6 ⅌ head, by E E Todd.

Sales of 51 Sheep, weight 5030 lbs at 4½ cts; 85 do, weight 6,610 lbs, at 4½ cts; 40 yearlings av 70 lbs, at 4½; 40 do, av 80 lbs at 6 cts; 37 do, av 65 lbs at 4½ cts ⅌ lb, by R E French, Jr. agent.

Sales of 17 Sheep, av 115 lbs at 4 cts, by J S Henry.

MAINE CATTLE AND WORKING OXEN.

Only a few offered and the supply from this section will be light for the next two months, unless there should be a rise in the market.

Young cattle are now doing well in the country. A lot of 20 Steer, weight between 10@11 cwt each were sold at 4½ cts, by W H Cummings.

NEW MILCH COWS.

Quite a supply, many were of ordinary grade. Good milkers still held at steady prices. Sales of 2 Springers at $45 each, by Blaisdell & Wormwell.

Sales of 5 Milch Cows and Calves at $45 each, by Dow & Moulton.

A B Edwards sold 1 extra Milch Cow at $60.

Sales of 6 Milch Cow and Calves at $10 on the lot less than $40 each.

VEAL CALVES.

Sales show no change in prices, 31, weight 4,180 lbs at 5 cts; 51, weight 6,080 lbs at 4½ cts; 35 do av 120 lbs at 5 cts; 27 av 20 lbs at 5 cts; 39 av 130 lbs at 5 cts; 53 av 125 lbs at 5½ cts; 22 Calves and 1 Sheep at 5½ cts.

POULTRY.

The supply at Union Market was 1,600 lbs, that was sold in mixed lots at 13 cts ⅌ lb.

STORE PIGS AND FAT HOGS.

The arrivals of small Pigs in wagons were 208 head, with market unchanged. Young suckers mostly from $2@$2,50. Range in Store 5@10 cts ⅌ lb. Fat Hogs from the West rule steady. Northern dress 5@5½ cts, as to quality.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Cattle—Market stronger; steers at $4 70@5 70; butchers', common to good at $2 60@4 50; Texans at $3 74@4 60; stockers and feeders at $3 60@4 80. Hogs—Supply heaviest in months; rough and mixed at $3 80@4 00; packing and shipping at $3 90@4 15; light bacon grades at $3 90@4 20; skips at $3 50@3 80. Sheep—Market 10@15c higher; inferior to choice shorn at $2 50@4 00; common to choice wooled at $3 40@4 70.

Domestic Markets.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Beans are easy, unchanged and quiet. Potatoes are dull, and Prolifics are lower. Hay is firm for choice. The short crop of timothy has caused very strong markets at the West, but while prices are firm here they are not quotably changed.

Beans.—Choice large hand-picked peas at $1 60@1 65 ⅌ bush; choice New York small hand-picked do at $1 60@1 65; fancy at $1 70; small hand picked pea Vermont at $1 70@1 75; common to good at $1 40@1 45; choice screened do at $1 40; hand-picked medium at $1 50@1 55, and choice screened do at $1 30@1 40; common do $1 10@1 20; choice improved yellow eyes at $2 00; old-fashioned yellow eyes at $1 90@1 95; red kidneys at $1 95@2 00. Canada peas at 80@90c for common roasting, and $1 00@1 10 for choice. Split peas at $5 40@5 75 ⅌ bbl; green peas at $1 25@1 40 ⅌ bush for choice Western, and $1 05@1 10 for Northern.

Fruit.—Apples, Baldwins at $3 00@3 50; russets at $3 00@3 50; evaporated at 6½@7½c ⅌ lb; fancy at 8c; and Northern and Eastern quartered and sliced 4c. Florida oranges at $3 00@4 00; fancy at $4 00@5 00; Catania do at $2 50@3 50; fancy at $4 00; Messina do at $3 00@4 50; Palermo at $2 50@3 50; Messina lemons at $3 00@4 00; Palermo do at $2 50@3 50; fancy at $4; Catania do at $2@3; Aspinwall bananas at $3@4 for No 1; $1 50@2 50 for No. 2; Jamaica do at $2@3; Baracoa at $1 25@1 37½.

Hay.—Choice prime hay at $20 00@21 00; fancy Canada at $22 00; fair to good at $18@19; choice Eastern fine at $16 00@18 00; fair to good do at $14 00@16 00; poor at $13@14 00; Eastern swale at $10 00@11 00; rye straw choice at $22 00@23 00; New York rye straw at $24 00; oat straw at $10 00@11 00 ⅌ ton.

Potatoes.—Northern rose at 58@60c ⅌ bush; Eastern do at 65@60c; Houlton at 65c ⅌ bush at the roads; Beauty of Hebron, Eastern at 65@68c; do Aroostooks at 68@70c; do Northern at 65@68c; Burbank seedings at 55@60c; Northern do at 60c; prolifics at 60@63c; Aroostook county do at 65@68c.

Seeds.—Timothy Northern at $1 95@2 10 ⅌ bush; do Western at $1 75@1 85; clover, Northern at 10½@10½c; do Western at @9½c ⅌ lb; red top, Western ⅌ 50 lb sack at $2@2 10; do Jersey, do, at $2 10@2 25; Hungarian at 90@$1 00; Millett at $1 00; golden do at $1 15@1 25.

Truck.—Beets at 75c ⅌ bush; new do at $2 ⅌ doz; native spinach at 60@75c ⅌ bush; carrots at 60c; 75c ⅌ dozen bunches for new; turnips at 60@75c ⅌ bush; Cape turnips at $12@1 50 ⅌ bbl; lettuce at 50@75c ⅌ doz; dandelions at 25@30c ⅌ bush; rhubarb at 1@2c ⅌ lb; radishes, long at 25@30c; do round at 25@30c; asparagus, native at 75@87½c ⅌ doz.

Poultry.—Choice young Northern turkeys at 18@19c; common to good at 14@15c; old at 11@13c; Western turkeys at 16@17c; common to good at 12@15c; native fresh chickens at 30@35c; fancy at 35@40c; broilers at 40@50c; common to good at 25@28c; Western do at 12@14c; common at 8@10c; fowls, fresh killed at 16@18c; common to good at 15@16c; do frozen at 12@14c; Western fowls at 12@14c; Mallard ducks, stall fed at 75c@$1 ⅌ pair; common do at 25@40c.

Sugar.—Raw sugars are steady with prices unchanged at quotations. We quote at 4½@5½c ⅌ lb for fair to good refining; 5½@6c for centrifugal; 94@96c test; 4½@4½c for Manilas, and 4½@4¾c for Iloilos. Refined sugars were firmer, the close being strong at ⅛c advance. Granulated closed at 7c. Standard cube at 7½@7½c ⅌ lb; powdered at 7½@7½c; granulated at 7c; standard A at 6½ Bel A at 6½c; high grades yellow at 5½@6c; yellow at 4½@5½c ⅌ lb. Wholesale grocers' prices for granulated at 7c ⅌ lb.

Molasses.—The market is quiet with prices steady. Our quotations are for new crop cargo lots. We quote fancy Ponce scarce and firm at 37@42c; Porto Rico choice to fancy at 35@38c; good to prime at 26@32c; Cube boiling at 19c for 50 test.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

The market for packed meats and pork products is not so firm. The export trade is fair. Fresh beef is quiet and easy. Veal is in short supply. Lamb and mutton are steady.

Pork and Lard.—Long cuts at $14 25@14 50 ⅌ bbl; short cuts at $14 50@15 00 ⅌ bbl; backs at $15 00@15 50; light backs at $14@14 50; lean ends at $14 00@14 50; prime mess at $15 00@15 50; extra prime at $11 50@12 00; mess at $13 25@13 50; pork tongues at $14 00@16 00. Western prime mess pork at $12 50@13 00. Lard at 7½@7½c ⅌ lb in tierces; 8@8½c in 10-lb pails; 8½@8½c in 5-lb pails, and 8½@8¾c in 3-lb pails. Hams—9½@10c ⅌ lb, according to size and cure, and small at 10½@11c; smoked shoulders at 8a8½c; smoked ribs at 8a8½c ⅌ lb; rib breakfast bacon at 10@11½c; boneless breakfast bacon at 10½@11c; pressed hams at 11½@12c. Dressed hogs, city at 6½c ⅌ lb; country at 5½@5½c; live hogs at 5@5½c.

Beef.—Extra plate beef at $13 50@14 00 ⅌ bbl; plate at $12 50@13 00; extra family at $13@14; extra mess at $11 50@12 00; mess at $11 00 ⅌ bbl; beef hams at $20 50@21 00; beef tongues, in bbls at $19 00@21 50, and in half bbls at $9 75@10 00.

Fresh beef.—Fair steers at 8½@8½c ⅌ lb; light steers at 8@8½c ⅌ lb; choice at 8½@9c; choice heavy hinds at 11½@12c; good do at 10@11½c; light at 10½@11c; good heavy fores at 6@6½c ⅌ lb; second quality at 5½@6c; rattles at 4½@5½c; ribs at 7@7½c; rumps, 13 a 14c; rounds at 8½@9c; rump loins at 11@15c; loins at 10@16c ⅌ lb.

Other fresh meats.—Choice lambs at 12@12½c ⅌ lb; common to good at 10½@12c; lambs, spring at 23@25c; fancy at 26@27c; choice heavy Brighton mutton at 8½@9c; Eastern at 8@9c ⅌ lb; yearlings at 8@9c; spring Eastern veal choice at 8@9c; fancy at 10c; common to good at 6@8c; Worcester at 11½@12½c.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

There is a steady demand for wool, and prices are about the same. Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces are selling at 30@31c for X; 32@33c for XX, and 34@34½c for XX and above; Michigan X fleeces have sold at 27½@29c ⅌ lb. Fine Ohio delaine has sold at 36, and Kentucky combing at 24c ⅌ lb. New Texas has been selling quite freely, to arrive, at 17@25c, the latter for choice lots, with the principal sales at 20c. In other unwashed wools there has been a fair trade at unchanged prices. New Northern California wool, to arrive, has been sold at 18c at San Francisco. Pulled wools have been in good demand, and we note sales of supers at 22@28c, and choice Eastern and Maine at 30@32c ⅌ lb. Scoured wool is in fair demand. Foreign wool has been quiet.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says:

At one of the
"Windows"
Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.
It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so
Paralyzed!!!
That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.
This refers to my case.
I was Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"
(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)
and was for several years barely able to get about.
And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although
Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the
Home for Incurables! Near Manchester in May, 1882.
I am no "Advocate;" "For anything the shape of patent" Medicines?
And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—
Consented!!
I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could
"Walk!
So started across the floor and back.
I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any
"Stick!"
Or Support.
I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester
"Royal Exchange"
For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, MANCHESTER (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name. my16-eow-26t

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

BOSTON BUTTER MARKET.

Dairy products are very slow and in buyers' favor. New York is dull and declining. There is no change in cheese here or in New York or Liverpool. Eggs are fairly steady, but the demand is light.

Butter.—Northern creamery, good to choice, new at 20@23c; New York and Vermont new dairy at 18@20c; fancy higher; extra Western fresh-made creamery at 21@23c; fancy higher; common at 18@20c; Western ladle packed at 10@12c; do fair to good at 9@11c; imitation creamery choice at 12@14c. All old butter at 10@12. Jobbing prices range higher than these quotations.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

Choice Northern at 10@10½c; new at 8@10c; lower grades according to quality; Western at 9c ⅌ lb.

BOSTON EGG MARKET.

Eastern at 14c; fancy higher; New York and Vermont at 14c; Northern at 13½c; Western at 13@13½c; Island at 13@13½c; Southern at 13@13½c.

DETROIT, May 25.—Wheat steady; No. 1 white at $1 02½; No. 2 red at $1 01.

QUINCY MARKET, BOSTON

Retail Prices.

Reported expressly for the Ploughman, for the week ending May 30

BEEF, &c.

Sirloin Steak, lb	17@28	Beef Liver	8@16
Rump Steak	25@28	Beef Tongue	13@14
Round Steak	18@20	Corned Beef	7@15
Rib Roast	12@20	Smoked Beef	17@22
Chucks, &c.	7@11	Beef Tongue, salt.	12@14
Tripe	8@15	Press Tripe	7@

Pork, Lard, &c.

Fresh Pork, ⅌ lb	10@11	Smoked Should's.	@ 9
Clear Salt Strips.	9@10	Smoked Ribs	@ 9½
Single Ham	11 @12	Sausages	10 @11
Corned Shoulders	8@ 9	Pigs' Feet	7@ 8
Briskets	9@10	Lard, leaf	9 @10

Veal and Mutton.

Veal, leg	18@20	Mutton, ⅌ lb	14 @ 20
Veal, shoulder	10@12½	Mutton, shoulders	10@ 12
Lamb, ⅌ lb	11@12	Spg Lamb, each	7 00@9 00
Spring Lamb, per pound			25@ 25
South Down, legs, ⅌ lb			@ 20

Poultry, Game, &c.

Yng Turkeys, lb	15 @ 20	Pigeons, wild, doz.	1 50@2 25
Chickens	18 @ 20	Philadel. squabs	@3 50
Fresh Fowls	18 @ 20	Widgeon, pair	50 @ 75
Geese	18 @ 20	Teal, ⅌ pair	@ 50
Geese, Green	@	Snipe, dozen	300@3 50
Geese, wild	75 @1 25	Peep, dozen	@ 50
Ducks, common ⅌ pair	1 50@2 50	Brant, ⅌ pair	2 00@2 50
Ducks, blk, pr	@1 00	Yellow Legs doz	1 50@3 00
Quail, ⅌ doz.	@ 50	Plover, dozen.	@2 50
Grouse, pr	1 25@	Rabbits, each.	@ 10
Partridges, pr.	@	Venison, ⅌ lb.	10@ 25
Eng. Pheasants, ⅌ pair	@	Woodcock, each	@
		Pigs, roasting.	@3 00
Ducks, Canvas Back, pr.			@
Pigeons, stall fed			2 50

Butter, Cheese, &c.

BUTTER.		Fair to good do..	12@15
Creamery	@28	Farm	8@12
Choice dairy	@25	EGGS.	
Fair to good do	18@20	Cape	@ 18
Common	15@18	Eastern	@ 16
CHEESE.		Northern	@ 15
Prime Factory	@15	Western	@
New Cheese, ⅌ lb			@ 15

Fruit and Vegetables.

Apples, pk	30@ 50	Tomatoes, lb	50@ 60
Table, peck.	50@ 75	Do. Berm'da, c't	@100
Baldwins, pk	50@ 60	Tomatoes, can.	@ 15
Russets	30@ 40	Citrons, each..	@
Dried, ⅌ lb	@ 10	VEGETABLES.	
Pears—		Potatoes, pk	@ 25
Table, doz	50@ 75	Sweet Pot's, lb	@ 8
Sheldon,	@	Turnips, pck	@ 25
Grapes—	@	Beets, pck	@ 25
Concord, lb.	@	Beans—	
Delaware, lb	@	White, ⅌ pk	75@ 87
Catawba, lb.	@	Lima, quart,	@ 25
Blk Hamburg	3 00@3 50	Cabbages, each	10@ 15
Malaga.. lb	@	Carrots, pck	@ 25
Oranges—	@	Parsnips, peck	@ 30
Havana, doz.	@	Onions, per pk.	@ 75
Florida	75 @1 00	Cauliflowers	40@ 50
Jamaica	@	Celery	@
Messina	20 @ 25	Lettuce ⅌ head	10@ 15
Valencia	25@ 30	Squashes—	
Lemons, doz	15 @ 20	Hubbard, lb.	4@ 5
Bananas, doz	40 @ 50	Marrow, lb.	4@ 5
Peaches, can	20 @ 25	Turban	@ 5
Whortleberries, ⅌ can	25 @	Cucumbers, ea..	10@ 15
Cocoanuts, each.	@ 10	Egg Plants, new	20@ 25
Cranberries, pk	@	Herbs, gr'n, b'h	5@
Chestnuts, qt	@	Pickles—⅌ gallon—	
Shellbarks, pk.	@	Cucumbers	50 @ 75
Sweet Cider, ⅌ gallon	@ 25	Martinos	@
Potatoes, Bermuda peck	@1 50	Limes qt	@ 15
Bermuda Onions, new, lb	5@ 8	Lychesse Nuts, imp, box	@
		per doz	@
		Rhubarb, lb	8@ 10
		Artichokes, pk	75@

New Maple Sugar, ⅌ lb	15@ 20
Peaches, (Mass. hot house) per dozen	9 00@12 00
" California, dozen	75@1 0
Neufchatel Cheese,	@ 5
Green Peas, ⅌ peck	@1 00
String Beans, peck	@1 25
Green Corn, dozen	@
Blueberries, quart	@
Raspberries, quart	@
Cherries, lb	@
Tomatoes, Natives, peck	@
Asparagus, per bunch,	10 @ 12
Olives ⅌ gallon	1 25@1 75
Watermelons, each	@
Strawberries, per quart	35@ 40
New Squash, each	8@ 10
Pineapples	25@
Peaches, natives, per can.	@
Okra, ⅌ hun	40@
Dandelions, peck	@ 25
Spinach, peck	@ 10
Mushrooms	1 25@1 50
Horse Radish, lb	15
Garlic	@ 10
Radishes, bunch	10@ 15
Leeks, per bunch	8@ 10

Fish, &c

Bass, ⅌ lb	@ 20	Shad	17@ 35
Blue Fish	@ 12	Pickerel, lb	12½@
Codfish, fresh.	6@ 8	Perch, doz	@
Haddock—		White Fish	@
Fresh, lb	@ 6	Salmon Trout.	@ 17½
Smoked	@ 8	Brook Trout, lb	25 @ 75
Halibut, ⅌ lb—	@	Sword Fish, lb	@
Fresh	15@	Lobsters, lb	@ 10
Smoked	@ 17	Frogs' Legs, dz	@ 40
Fins	@ 12½	Herring, salt doz.	@ 30
Cusk, ⅌ lb	@ 6	Herring, smok., ⅌ doz	@ 25
Mackerel, fresh	6 @ 17	Tongues and Sounds, ⅌ lb	@ 12½
Mackerel, lb, Spanish	@	Scollops, q't	@
Eels, lb	12@ 15	Oysters, solid, ⅌ gallon	1 20@1 [illegible]
Smelts	@	Clams, gallon.	@ 70
Flounders	@ 6	Quohaugs, solid, ⅌ quart	@40
Salmon ⅌ lb—		Tautog	@12
Fresh	@ 35		
Smoked	@ 25		
Pickled	@20		

Soft shelled Crabs, dozn	1
Scup, lb	@10
Black Bass, lb	
Salmon, frozen lb	@ 35

Wholesale Prices.

INSIDE QUINCY MARKET

Beef, &c.

Beef, Mess, ⅌ bbl, cash.	12 00 @13 00	Family,	13 00 @14 00
		Tongu	23 00 @24 00

Dressed Beef.

Sides, ⅌ lb	8 @ 9	Fore Quarters	6@ 6½
Hind Quarters	10 @12	Rounds	9 @
Rumps and Loins	13 @15	Ribs	7 @ 8
Rattles	5½@ 6		

Pork, Lard, &c.

Backs, bbl	15 50 @16 00	Ohio Prime	10 00 @11
Extra Clear,	15 50@16 00	Lard, ⅌ lb	8 @ 8½
Sh't Cut, cl'r.	15 00@15 50	Ohio leaf, lb	8 @ 8½
Long Cuts, clr	14 50@15 00	Hams, Bos'n ⅌ lb	10 @ 10½
Lean Ends,	14 50@15 00	Hogs, whole	6½@ 7
Mess	13 00@13 50		
Ohio mess	11 50@12 00		

Veal and Mutton.

Calves, ⅌ lb	6 @ 11	Lamb, lb	8 @ 9
Sheep, ⅌ lb	7 @ 11	Do. Spring, qr	1 50@3 50
South Down, ⅌ lb			10@ 2½

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

BUTTER.		CHEESE.	
Creamery, prime	20@23	Fine Factory.	11 @ 12
do Fair to good.	18@20	Fair to good do	8@
N Y & Vt dairy prime	16@18	Farm	5@
do do Fair to gd.	16@22	EGGS.	
Western dairy	13@16	Eastern	15@
" Ladle packed	14@18	Northern	15@
Common grades	10@14	Western	14@
		Cape	16@

Fruit and Vegetables.

FRUIT		Swt Potatoes	@
Apples, barrel,	3 00@5 00	Onions, bsh.	2 00@2 25
Cranberries, bl	@	Beans, white—	
Country	@	Medium, bu.	2 00@2 25
Cape	@	Pea, bush.	2 00@ 2 25
Lemons, b'x.	@ 3 00	Squashes, cwt	3 00@3 50
Oranges, case	5 00@ 7 00	Hubbard ⅌ bbl,	2 75@ 3 00
Havana, bbl	@	Marrow. bbl	@ 3 50
Florida. box	@	⅌ ton	@
Messina	3 50@ 4 00	Quinces, bbl	@
VEGETABLES.		Pickles, bbl	6 50@8 00
Potatoes	2 25@ 2 50	Cucumber	5 00@
Early Rose.	2 25@ 2 50	Limes	6 00@
Common	2 00@ 2 25		

Olives ⅌ gallon	1 00 @1 25
Bananas, per bunch	2 50@
Beets, new per bushel	75@ 85
Parsnips, ⅌ bush	50@ 60

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Employed promptly, in cases of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, and Influenza, prevents their becoming serious, and speedily restores to health those who are thus affected. This remedy is, in the highest degree, curative, and for Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Quinsy, or Catarrh, no other preparation is so efficacious. We further state, with all confidence, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Cures Incipient Consumption.

Consumption is the blighting plague of our nation. In its silent march through the land, it is stealing away from our homes thousands of the brightest and best of their inmates. If, however, the disease is taken in time, its terrible ravages may be prevented by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., writes: "Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs." George E. Wilson, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "Twenty-nine years have been added to my life by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I had been given up to die, with what my physicians and friends supposed was Consumption. I was weak and emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before it was all taken, I was about my business. I have been a strong and healthy man ever since." Mrs. S. H. Jackson, Far Rockaway, L. I., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved me from Consumption, many years ago." A. C. Bell, New Glasgow, N. S., writes: "More than twenty years since, when a young man, I had a terrible cough, for a long time. My system was run down, and my friends thought I was going into a decline. By the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the alarming symptoms disappeared, and I speedily recovered my health."

In all cases of sudden ailments, affecting the throat and lungs, the immediate use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is of the highest importance. It may always be depended upon in such cases, and for the effective treatment of these maladies, occupies a place, as a household remedy, that can be filled by no other preparation. Mr. Samuel Bement, Principal of Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for several years, in cases of severe cold, or throat affections, and always found it a speedy and effectual remedy." Mr. H. E. Simpson, Rogers, Texas, writes: "I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure." H. H. Woodal, Editor "Democrat," McConnellsburg, Pa., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has saved my life. After having suffered for some time from a disease of the lungs, induced by bad colds, and, when my friends thought I could not recover, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In three months I was well." Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt., writes: "A severe cold affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and the doctors finally gave me up. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieved my lungs, and, by its continued use, effected a permanent cure."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., (Analytical Chemists), Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

New Model Eureka Mower.

THE COMING MOWING MACHINE!

The New Model Eureka Mower is the only successful direct draft, front cut Mower ever constructed and inaugurates a new and better principle in mowing machines. There are thousands already in use, and its advantages over all side cut mowing machines are fully appreciated and acknowledged by the many who have tried it.

It does not pass over and trample down the cut grass, as all other mowing machines do, but leaves it just as it is cut, and leaves it in such condition that it will cure as quickly untedded, as grass cut with side-cut mowers will when tedded, and makes better hay. It gives a choice of sides to mow on; the ability to cut back and forth on side hill, or across lodged grass, or at one end of a piece, instead of around it—great practical advantages which all farmers will appreciate. And, as it is the lightest draft mower in the world, the wide cutter-bar used enables a farmer to do as much work with one "Eureka" as can be done with any two side-cut mowing machines made. Although the cutter-bar is wide, being in front, the machine can be operated through a narrower space than a mower can with the center-bar projecting out at one side. And as the cutter-bar is in front, the driver can much more readily see obstructions as he approaches them, than when the cutter-bar is at one side. It will mow successfully in orchards, or stumpy, or stony ground. In fact it is well adapted to New England farms, and will work in any place where any other mower will work, better than any other mower can.

It is the most comfortable mower to ride. And, considering its capacity for cutting, its advantages for rapid curing, and making a superior quality of hay, it is by far

THE CHEAPEST MOWER IN MARKET!

Send for descriptive circular, or call and see it, if you want to get the best mower in existence, and the one that will give you the most for your money.

T. B. EVERETT & CO.,

43 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.,

my23 4t NEW ENGLAND AGENTS.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE.

500 HEAD ON HAND.

Largest and Choicest Herd in this Country

Every Animal Selected by a Member of the Firm in person.

Over thirty yearly records made in this herd average 14,212 lbs. 5 ounces; average age of cows 4½ years.

In 1881 our entire herd of mature cows averaged 14,164 lbs 15 ounces.

In 1882 our entire herd of eight three-year-olds averaged 12,388 lbs. 9 ounces.

April 1, 1884, ten cows in this herd had made records from 14,000 to 18,000 each, averaging 15,6?8 lbs. 6 3-10 ozs.

For the year ending June, 1884, five mature cows averaged 15,621 lbs. 1 2-5 ounces. Seven heifers of the Netherland Family, five of them 2 years old and two 3 years old averaged 11,3?? lbs. 1 2-5 ounces.

BUTTER RECORDS.

Nine cows averaged 17 lbs. 5½ ounces per week.

Eight heifers, 3 years old, averaged 13 lbs. 4½ ozs. per week.

Eleven heifers, two years old and younger, averaged 10 lbs. 3 ounces per week.

The entire original imported Netherland Family of six cows (two being but 3 years old) averaged 17 lbs. 6 1-6 ounces per week.

When writing always mention Mass. Ploughman.

SMITHS, POWELL & LAMB,

LAKESIDE STOCK FARM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Some of the most profitable results on Potatoes, Corn, Cabbages and Tobacco have been from AFTER APPLICATIONS at successive hoeings.

Large Yields of Corn

ON VERY POOR LAND.

DR. HENRY STEWART GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE IN "FARM AND HOME" FOR MAY 1885.

198 Bushels of Shelled Corn on Two Acres with

THE MAPES CORN MANURE.

THE SECRET OF BIG CORN CROPS.

The soil was warm and well adapted to corn, but so poor that without manure it would not have yielded over 20 bushels of corn per acre. It was plowed five inches deep, thoroughly harrowed, and marked out three feet apart each way. Three hundred pounds of **Mapes Corn Fertilizer** was then spread broadcast, and a single grain of Blount's Prolific Corn was dropped in each hill; 300 pounds more of the Fertilizer was spread on the surface directly after planting. The season was wet and cold. The crop was cultivated in the ordinary manner, with a Planet, Jr., horse-hoe, which does most excellent work, but it was impossible to keep the weeds down without a good deal of hand-hoeing, which I had not the help to do. The field was well cultivated six times, until the horse was hidden by the corn, and the tassel began to appear. More of the fertilizer was used at intervals, scattered on the surface after a cultivating and hoeing, and when it was possible, during a rain. The last application was made when the silk appeared. The stalks grew to an enormous size, 12 to 15 feet, the lowest ears were above my reach, and numbering from two to seven upon the stalks. Three ears would mature perfectly, but those in excess of that number were not well filled out, and some were quite short. The corn was all sound. The crop of two acres yielded 198 bushels of shelled corn. A common dent corn, three acres, yielded 489 bushels of ears, measured in the field, and counted by the huskers and my man, and paid for by the bushel. This corn was chopped in the ear for feeding, and was not shelled; two bushels of ears shelled as a test made about a quart over one bushel of grain.

THE EXPERIMENT STATIONS OF CONNECTICUT AND MASSACHUSETTS have valued the MAPES CORN MANURE for *the past three years* at **$49.84** and **$52.05**, being an average for the two Stations of **$50.94** per ton. The average price per ton was **$49.34**. This is the *best showing* of any Manufactured Fertilizer, excepting the Mapes Tobacco Manure. It must be borne in mind that Station "valuation" is intended to cover current estimated value of materials composing the fertilizer, and does not include cost of manufacture, new packages, commissions, etc., etc.

The present price of the Mapes Corn Manure is only **Forty-six Dollars** per ton, and at this price the fertilizer is the *cheapest* in the market.

Send for pamphlets.

THE MAPES FORMULA AND PERUVIAN GUANO CO.,

158 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.,

my23 1t or, 242 STATE STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

Dr. Carson's Nerve Tonic,

FOR MEN.

This medicine has been used by me in my practice for many years, for the treatment of Nervous Prostration, Absent Mindedness, Mental Derangement, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all affections of the Kidneys and Generative organs, with the most gratifying results. I have never lost a patient who used it, but it has saved the lives and restored the health of thousands, who, had it not been for its timely help, would have ended their days in lunatic asylums or have sunk into premature graves. I am now giving up the active practice of medicine, and desire to place this TONIC where it will do the most good. I have therefore had it put up in pill form, so as to send it through the mail in plain wrappers, free from observation, to all parts of the world. Hundreds of testimonials of positive cures of cases which have been pronounced "incurable," are now in my office, which were accomplished solely by the use of the NERVE TONIC. A large and varied experience satisfies me that no medicine known to the profession will restore lost vitality more rapidly and permanently than this. Every form of Nervous Weakness, especially that of the Generative Organs, such as Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Impotency, etc., is completely cured by it, and often by a single box. Below is an indorsement of it by the distinguished editor of HEALTH AND HOME, Dr. Hale, who knows of its virtues by having used it so successfully in his own large and lucrative practice.

SINGLE BOX, $1.00; SIX BOXES, $5.00.

Address DR. CARSON, 723 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 15th, 1884.

We have known Dr. Carson for several years, and we know what he states in the above advertisement to be literally true; in fact, in our own hands the Tonic has done much more than the Doctor claims for it. He is an honest and reliable physician.

W. H. HALE, M. D.,
Editor HEALTH AND HOME.

my30-13t

THE NEW "PLANET JR" HOLLOW STEEL STANDARD HORSE HOE

As lately introduced, has no equal in the world. Its excellent work in the field has distanced that of all competitors. It is, in some sections, doing in one operation the work of four or five old-style implements, and in others superceding the cumbersome and expensive two-horse tools. The "PLANET JR" HAND SEED-DRILLS AND WHEEL HOES are the newest and best, lightest and strongest known. There are 7 distinct tools each with special merits, no two alike or the same price; all practical and labor-saving. Let no Farmer or Gardener fail to study up during the winter evenings our 1885 CATALOGUE, which gives reduced prices, careful and exact engravings of these different machines, and such descriptions as will enable the reader to judge correctly of their merits. Thirty pages and forty engravings. Free to all. Correspondence solicited.

S. L. Allen & Co., Mfrs., 127 & 129 Catharine St., Phila., Pa.

my7-4teow

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

"As the market now stands I don't think that creamery butter will be worth over 20 cents on Thursday, in large lots,' said a dealer yesterday. 'A few fancy brands may go 1 to 2 cents higher, but for a regular trade quotation I consider 20 cents high enough.' Another dealer, who controls the make of several New York State creameries, 'I am cleaned out of nice butter and am taking orders to be delivered on Thursday. Perhaps 20 to 21 cents is high enough to quote, but I expect to get 23 and 24 cents in a jobbing way.' All the really choice butter received last week has been disposed of, and the principal stock left over is second and third grades of Western creamery, which are not good enough for the regular trade here. The selling prices have been 21 to 22 cents for extra creamery, 18 and 20 cents for choice and extra dairy, and 12 to 16 cents for the lower grades. From all that could be learned yesterday, it is not safe for country shippers to expect more than 20 cents per pound for creamery this week, or 17 to 18 cents for dairy lots. Some fine brands will no doubt go higher, as a cent or two a pound makes very little difference to a grocer who has his mind fixed on a popular brand. Strictly fine butter will probably not be plentiful for a week or two more, or until "full grass is struck,' as the trade term it. Receipts this week and next will be considerably mixed, and therefore, while it is safe to say that 18 to 20 cents will be a full range for the best lots, some may go higher and a good deal lower. The general impression is that butter will rule low this summer. The New York market has already settled down to 18 and 20 cents for prime to fancy, and a further decline is expected before exporters will operate. An effort will no doubt be made to keep choice grass butter from going under the present range, but in order to work off the surplus stocks exporter's views must be met or we shall have a repetition of the disasters of last year.

Cheese.

Up to this week there has been very little fine, new cheese on the market and prices have ruled almost entirely nominal. The sales in the country, which have been at 7 to 7 1-2 cents per pound, have established a basis of values, and 8 to 9 cents may be considered a fair range here, though the trade have not yet taken hold. Last year at this time prices ruled 3 to 4 cents higher, and it may be that bottom has already been touched, though on this point nothing can be definitely known till next week. Exporters seem to be indifferent, and it is useless to talk about established values until there is a free foreign outlet. In Montreal several cable orders were received on Saturday, which if filled, will make the market there 7 1-2 to 6 3 4 cents per pound.

Special Dispatches.

The following dispatches were posted in the Boston Produce Exchange yesterday:

Liverpool, May 26—Cheese, 52 shillings.

Utica, N. Y., May 25—6200 boxes cheese sold 7 to 7 1 2 cents. Ruling price 7 1-4 cents. Two thousand boxes consigned. Steady at the decline.

Little Falls, N. Y., May 25—Offerings, 4000 boxes cheese. Ruling price, 7 1 2 cents. Special, 7 3 4 cents. Dull, but buyers are more willing to operate.

Elgin, Ill., May 25—No cheese sold. Butter, 18 to 19 cents. Ten thousand pounds sold.

Chicago, Ill., May 25—Butter dull and declining. Western creamery, extra firsts, 17 to 18 cents. Western dairy, extra firsts, 14 cents. Eggs lower, 12 cents.

St. Albans, Vt., May 26—Butter market a shade lower. General price 15 to 16 cents; selections, 17 to 18 cents; fair to good, 12 to 14 cents. Shipments to-day 1100 tubs.

The Bean Trade.

There is not much activity in beans. Receipts are light, and for that reason dealers are enabled to keep prices steady, but no advance can be obtained. New York pea and choice mediums run along at $1 55 to $1 60 per bushel, in large lots. Small pea range up to $1 65 and $1 70 and Vermont extras to $1 75, but most of the business is in the first-named grades. Improved yellow eyes are steady at $1 95 to $2 per bushel. Jobbing lots command 10 to 15 cents more.

Eggs.

The market has run along about steady all the week. Trade lots have been selling at 13 1 2 to 14 cents per dozen, including firsts and extras, while some special marks range up to 14 1-2 to 15 cents. Dealers are operating very cautiously this season, and it is doubtful if present prices will be maintained. Last year at this time 16 to 16 1 2 cents was the top range.

Potatoes.

The potato market has lost strength this week, and closes rather quiet. Rose have declined about 5 cents per bushel, very few being worth over 60 cents, while some range down to 55 cents. Prolifics and Hebrons hold up at 65 to 68 cents per bushel in car loads, and in a small way command 70 cents.

Apples.

Dealers are now working mostly on russets, which command $2 75 to $3 per barrel in carloads. Baldwins are selling in a small way at $3 50, but the stock will soon be exhausted. There should be some demand for dried apples about this time, but it has not made its appearance. Evaporated sell to a moderate extent at 7 to 8 cents per pound, but sun dried quartered and sliced are seldom called for and rule at extremely low prices.

Hay and Straw.

The hay market maintains a strong tone and the receipts are well sold up. Choice grades sell readily at $21 to $22 per ton, and $23 is occasionally obtained for an extra car. The outlook is favorable for high prices during the remainder of the season. Rye straw is selling fairly at $22 to $23 per ton.

Sugar.

Raw sugars continue strong under the influence of advancing and active markets abroad. Fair to good refining was quoted at 5 1 4 to 5 3-8 cents, and centrifugal, 94 to 96 test, at 5 3 4 to 6 cents per pound. There were no sales here and these prices were nominal, but in New York there was a better demand and sales at prices showing about 5 1-3 to 5 1 4 cents for fair to good. Refined sugars have farther advanced and are strong at the close. The home trade is fair and the demand for export is as active as for some time past. Refiners quote cutloaf and cubes at 7 3 8 cents, powdered at 7 1 8 cents, granulated at 7 cents, and coffee crushed at 5 1-8 to 6 3-4 cents per pound, as to quality.—[Journal, Wednesday.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

The wearing of a clumsy, awkward, and often irritating truss during a lifetime at the same time incurring the danger of a strangulated hernia or rupture, can now be avoided and a permanent cure so speedily and safely effected that all sufferers should emancipate themselves from slavery under such a disagreeable master. Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SIGHT AND HEARING OF FISH.

[From "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," by H. P. Wells.]

But little has been written on the development of vision and hearing in fish, and that little has been theory rather than deduction from actual experiment. My own experiment as to the effects that sound produces on trout (and I assume that all fishes are more or less alike in this respect) have been confined to this: Frequently when able to observe a trout while myself unseen I have screamed and shouted at the top of my voice. These demonstrations have invariably been without the slightest effect; but when varied by a concussion which would communicate itself to the water this has no longer been the case, and evidence of alarm, or at least that the concussion was felt, has been apparent. In an English work, the name of which I in vain endeavor to recall, an account of some very interesting and more decisive experiments are given. The writer caused a building to be erected over the water, and made his observations through small apertures constructed for the purpose, so that he was quite concealed. His trout were well accustomed to the wiles of the angler and timid. Sending a man out of sight behind the building the firing of a gun by him produced not the slightest effect on the trout, who rose freely during the experiment to flies blown toward them through a tube. I am, therefore, convinced that no sound is injurious which does not communicate its vibration to the water. But concussion upon the side or bottom of a boat, or jumping from rock to rock, or blows upon a hard bottom with the wading staff or with hob nailed shoes, I think are so conveyed through and by the water as to be in some measure perceptible to the fish and alarm them. That fish possess the sense of hearing their anatomical structure goes far to prove, while that they are not insensible to sounds produced in the air must be admitted, unless the doubter is prepared to call in question the numerous accounts by alleged eye witnesses of their coming to be fed at the sound of a bell, etc. This I, for one, hesitate to do, notwithstanding I have never been able to make a sound in the air which seemed to produce the slightest effect on trout in the water, to which fish my experiments have been confined. It may, however, well be that the sound was perceived, while the fish were so habituated to the roar of the waterfall and similar noises, without any ill consequences ensuing, that sound alone was not regarded by them as an indication of danger.

PLAITED CREEDMOOR For Boys.

The most popular suit—Coatee and Pants—for Boys' wear made by us for this season.

Our shapely hour-glass back insuring a fit and finish equal to custom-made garments, making a neat and tasty spring outfit, in pleasing contrast to the shapeless garments formerly in vogue for boys.

Manufactured in a variety of styles from Scotch Tweeds, English Plaids and Cheviots and the best American fabrics, in all the new shades and colors.

Parents desiring a garment for their boys which shall combine grace and finish with hard-wearing qualities will find our Creedmoor suits all that can be desired,

—AT—

$6, $8, $10, $12, $15,

(Ages from 4 to 15 Years.)

A. Shuman & Co.

Manufacturing Retailers and Jobbers,

Boys' Retail Department,

440 Washington Street,

To corner Summer Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

mh30-1t

JERSEY BULL

FOR SALE.

OWNED by F. B. RAY, Franklin. Registered in the American Jersey Cattle Club, No. 18608. Two years old. Address F. B. RAY, my30-3t Franklin, Mass.

Endorsed by the Highest Medical Authority.

A Healthful and Delicious Beverage and Tonic for Family Use.

Superior to Lime Juice or Lemons.

A Remedy for Dyspepsia and ills arising from a disordered stomach.

Specially recommended as a preventive and relief for Cholera, Sunstroke, Fevers, Colds, Coughs, and valuable in Urinary difficulties.

A Specific for Seasickness.

Sold by Druggists.

Avery Lactate Co., Boston, Mass.

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In Sheep, Russia and Turkey Bindings.

Get the Standard.

GET THE BEST

Webster—it has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, and a New Biographical Dictionary.

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The vocabulary contains 3000 more words than are found in any other American Dictionary.

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"The greatest improvement in book-making that has been made in a hundred years."

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ian3-20teow (oJ.J&A)

40 Hidden Name, Embossed and New Chromo Cards, name in new type, an Elegant 48 page Gilt bound Floral Autograph Album with quotations, 12 page Illustrated Premium and Price List and Agent's Canvassing Outfit, all for 15 cts. SNOW & CO., my23-eow9t Meriden, Conn.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Established 1864. Advice free. ap11-13teow

OWNERS OF SILOS,

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

ENSILAGE CORN,

HUNGARIAN, MILLET, AND ALL SEEDS FOR FORAGE CROPS,

Machinery for Ensilage,

Thompson's Horse-Hoe and Cultivator Combined,

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,

71 Clinton, 80 and 82 South Market St., Boston.

my30-1t

THE STANDARD NEW MODEL BUCKEYE.

The Buckeye in 1885 enters upon its **TWENTY-NINTH SEASON**. It has won a reputation and distinction possessed by no other farm implement. The farmers have found that they can rely upon it for all emergencies and for all work in the hay field.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS,

but is staunch and reliable under all conditions of grass cuttings. For these reasons the larger portion of the hay crop of New England is cut with the **BUCKEYE**.

It comes forward this year possessing all the real improvements that have been made in mowing machines up to the present time, and farmers may rely upon it that there is no work to be done in the hay field the **BUCKEYE** cannot do, while it will draw lighter, cost less for repairs, and its record shows it will last twice as long as any other machine.

We would caution the public against base imitations which are put upon the market, claiming to be equal to or better than the **BUCKEYE**, and seeking to reap the benefit of the **BUCKEYE'S** long and well earned reputation.

Do not let your dealer put upon you on imitation, when for a very little more money you can have the

GENUINE BUCKEYE,

which is no experiment, will make your haying season pleasant and profitable, and in the end save many times the difference in cost, from its greater durability and simplicity.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING CO.,

my 3-tf WORCESTER. MASS.

WHEELER'S

Eclipse Windmill

Is the favorite, wherever known; has received more honors than anything of the kind ever constructed. It took the highest award at the Centennial, and at four other World's Fairs; also, at the National Exhibition of Railroad Appliances. It received Five Silver Medals from the N. E. Fair, and has taken First Prize at every State Fair in N. E., where it has come into working competition with other mills. It has been tested 18 years; over 20,000 in use. Its almost perfect mechanism renders it thoroughly efficient. Automatic, storm-proof and noiseless. It has **no Friction Balls** or other loose joints to impair its efficiency, or shorten its life. Those parts of the Eclipse taking the most strain are of wrought iron, and all wearing parts are machine finished. It is the longest stroke mill, and is the *only Solid Wheel Mill which stands square to the wind* when at work, and **squarely out of the wind when not at work**. It needs no *friction brake to stop it*. The Eclipse is no "clap trap" affair, built to be auctioned off for whatever is bid, but is a standard article, costing one man as much as another. We send experienced men to put up jobs. No dishonest agents or workmen are tolerated. Our Warehouse is the largest one East of Chicago, where Windmills, Pumps, Tanks, and other water supply materials are kept constantly on hand. Full satisfaction guaranteed to patrons. Large Railroad jobs filled at short notice. Geared Wind Mills for Power, with all necessary machinery supplied. For Circulars apply to

my2-52t L. H. WHEELER, No. 68 Pearl Street, Boston.

THOMAS' OIL-TROUGH TREE PROTECTOR.

Neatest, Cheapest, and most Durable Protector in the Market.

THIS improved Protector effectually protects the trees against the **CANKER WORMS**

Every one owning trees should use our new protector, because,

1. It is a first-class protector, manufactured from heavy zinc, and will last for years.
2. Being corrugated prevents its sagging when on the tree.
3. It has a pan large enough to contain oil *for the season*, and a perpendicular front to the pan, which *prevents the oil from blowing out.*
4. It is so arranged that there is no danger of *girdling or injuring* the tree.
5. In our protector the packing will remain the year round without injuring the tree, and so prevent the codling and tussock moths from ascending.
6. We use Petroleum Oil and fill the pans early in the fall.
7. The oil troughs are easily cleansed when filled with grubs (they are protected from dirt and leaves) by using a piece of No. 7 or 8 wire bent in the form of a common clasp hook.
8. It will prevent the codling and tussock moths, bark-lice, curculio, caterpillars, etc., from ascending the trees, and is so constructed as to be a perfect *barrier* against *canker worms.*
9. This protector is so cheap that every one owning trees can apply it. It is simply insuring your trees against insects for a few cents a year.
10. Parties who have applied Thomas' Tree Protector have received the following year more than 200 per cent. of the cost of it, and still have the protector for ten or fifteen years.

BOSTON, APRIL 20th 1885.

THEO. B. THOMAS, Esq.

Dear Sir: In reply to your request that I should examine the statement made in a circular issued by one J. C. Stevens of 155 Eliot St., Boston, Mass., that your patent was an infringement upon certain patents mentioned therein, I would say that the allegations made therein are false in some respects and made with the intent to deceive the public, since the patents issued to J. C. Starbuck, David P. Matthews and William J. Towne, named in such circular, have all expired, and any one is free to use the principles in and covered by said patents, or to use or manufacture the exact articles as claimed by them individually.

Neither is your patent an infringement upon the patent issued to Edw. C. Bates, mentioned in said circular, since his combination is entirely distinct from yours, and is for the combination with the sloping roof of cylindrical band permanently attached thereto and a secondary cyndrical band, and adapted to be readily removed therefrom. Your patent has nothing of the kind, and since the Bates claim is a combination one and you employ an entirely different combination of parts, I do not consider your patent to infringe upon said patent.

As to the Cook patent of 1880, which this circular alleges you infringe, there are no new principles involved in the single claim which is likewise a combination one, and is limited to the precise form and special arrangement of the parts forming the tree protector, which consist of a flexible cloth, movable ring and annular receptacle or oil trough, and I do not consider your patent to infringe it in any manner whatever.

I consider the circular issued by said Stevens to be an invasion of the rights of others, and one calculated to seriously injure their business, since it deters many from purchasing by making false statements which are then distributed among the public.

Yours truly,
FREDERICK CURTIS.

T. B. THOMAS,

ap25-26t QUINCY POINT, MASS.

REPAIRS. ANY PART FOR ANY Mowing Machine, Horse Rake, Plow or Lawn Mower. Show this to your Hardware Dealer, or send us express paid, the broken part to be duplicated. Catalogue free. THE WHITMAN & BARNES MFG. CO., Boston, Mass. my2-14t

SEED CORN.

I HAVE a supply of the Hapgood 8-Rowed Yellow Seed Corn with large Kernel, which planted in rows 3½ by 3 feet, will produce a yield of 80 bushels of Shelled Corn to the acre, with ordinary cultivation. Price $1 per peck; $2.50 per bushel. Call on or address C. E. HAPGOOD & CO., 224 Purchase St., Boston, or JOAB HAPGOOD, my2-6t Shrewsbury, Mass.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S

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STONEWALL JACKSON'S COURAGE

HIS BRAVERY IN BATTLE FOUNDED UPON RELIGIOUS FAITH.

General John B. Imboden, whose battery bore the brunt of the artillery charge at Bull Run, relates some of the incidents of the battle in the May Century, from which we take the following: 'several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for use.

'The fighting was renewed, and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery, and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, 'General, you are wounded.' He replied as he drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket and began to bind it up, 'Only a scratch—a mere scratch,' and galloped away along his line.

'General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing three days after the fight that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters, in a little farm house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter Julia, was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course, the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, 'General, how is it you can keep so cool and appear so utterly insensible of danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered me in a tone of great earnestness: 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me,' he added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: 'Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave.'

WHAT IS MASONRY?

It is a very common thing for persons who are not acquainted with Masonic mysteries to inquire what it is, and what are its objects. The most comprehensive answer as to what it is can be found in the English lectures, as follows:

'Freemasonry is a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.'

Long before the time of Moses, who is said to have invented writing, symbols were used as a method of conveying both information and instruction. The hieroglyphics on the ancient monuments were symbols, well understood in the days when they were executed; but, to the vast majority of the world's peoples, mysteries at the present day. Making use of symbols to inculcate wise truths is nothing new. 'Give us a sign,' said the ancient Jews, while traveling in the wilderness; for to them symbols were instruction. Even if symbolism be old, its purpose is effected if the truths be conveyed to the mind and heart.

But is this all there is in Masonry?

Certainly not. Men are now, and always have been, dependent on each other, and will therefore congregate in some form for a real or supposed purpose. This has given rise to nations, creeds, sects and societies. But these have their differences and dissensions; while in Masonry, men of all climes, countries and creeds, can unite on one common platform of doing good towards all mankind. The bond of union—so extensive that it embraces the whole earth; so strong that trial, temptation and persecution has never yet been able to break it—is founded on such a broad principle that almost all men can agree with it. The man must be bad indeed who cannot agree with the principles of Masonry, in which all men are brothers.

Nations have their political strifes and contentions, and seem at times to be on the verge of disruption and disintegration. We have seen this in our own country. Yet wise influences appear to have checked the current that seemed to be rushing onward to destruction, and quiet has been restored.

How much of this has been due to Masonry?

Who can tell?

Some feel inclined to quarrel about the age of Masonry; others as to when it first made its appearance in this country.

Why should so small a matter destroy the object of Masonry and cause it to be a subject of strife? Its age will not make its objects any grander. To be a Mason, in spirit and in truth, is to be a moral man; grateful to the Creator, faithful to the country which gives him protection, and fraternal to his fellow man.

This is a part of what there is in Masonry.—[N. Y. Sunday Times.

SWEET CORN.

This is one of the home comforts that is not half appreciated. How many useful purposes this can be put to? We use it freely on the table; feed it to our pigs and occasionally to horses for a change, and for our milk cows, which are always inclined to dry up at this season, we feed stalks and all liberally. Then when dried we find it is a good and wholesome diet during winter and spring. We never find anything but health and good cheer in using sweet corn freely, for the fun we have in piling up the cobs at each other's plates seems to aid digestion.

With rich ground, rows planted three and a half feet wide and hills two feet apart, three stalks in a hill, it suckers profusely and yields an enormous amount of feed. For soiling purposes there is nothing better than this kind of feed. I can sell at five and six cents per dozen fifty dollars' worth per acre, while the fodder and nubbins are worth as much for feed as it costs to raise the whole crop.

Of varieties, the Concord for early, and several kinds of Evergreen for late, are my favorities. Here is a new departure that I shall adopt as soon as possible, and if every farmer in the land will do the same and report results, they may charge the undersigned with all that is lost by the operation: Take a long strip of good land, put a hog fence around it, plant it with sweet corn in sections so as to have these sections ripen in succession; have a few panels of portable fence, which put across the first section as soon as the corn is in roasting ears, then turn your hogs in, and when this section is consumed move your fence, take in another section, and so on until the main crop of corn comes on. If hogs are put on clover previous to this they will be far more healthy with all this green feed than if fed on dry corn; we will hear few or no complaints about cholera, and they will put on flesh in a manner that will yield a solid, healthy profit. If there is any royal road to wealth for farmers, it will be found in the direction of adding to the weight of animals by the use of an inexpensive kind of feed, and no better source can be found for this than sweet corn and green clover. A double advantage will be found here also, from utilizing to the fullest all the profit there is in manure.—[Cor. Germantown Telegraph.

PAUPER HEN FRUIT.

(American Poultry Journal.)

The receipts of European eggs at the port of New York, according to the Mercantile Exchange reports, from August 28 to December 18, 1884, were 17,254 cases, holding fifty dozen each, making a total of 862,700 dozen. The total number of barrels of American eggs, according to the same authority, from September 1, to December 13, received here, was 143,655, each barrel holding seventy dozen; and of cases, holding thirty dozen, 69,245, making a total of 12,133,200 dozen. Included in these receipts of American eggs from the Western, Southern and Eastern States, chiefly from the West, are eggs from Canada, which are in the proportion about one quarter of the receipts from June 1 to December 1 every year, as is estimated by a leading egg dealer. There are no trustworthy statistics of the quantity of eggs coming to the market from near points. Trade in European limed eggs are now lively, as they may be sold at wholesale at a few cents per dozen lower than those limed in the United States and Canada. Grocers sell them at the same prices at retail as they do native limed eggs.

The receipts of American eggs on December 18 were 46,000 dozen, and of European eggs 62,200 dozen, an excess in quantity of the latter of 15,516 dozen. It is sincerely to be hoped that the national pride of the American hen will be stimulated by these statistics to the immediate rebuke of the egotism of Europe.

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STOCKBRIDGE CORN FERTILIZER.

60 Bushels and 3 1-4 Tons Stover.

WEARE, N. H., Oct. 28, 1884.

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.: *Gents*,—I wish to enter for one of the premiums, and submit the following statement: I raised this year on one acre of land, fertilized with 1200 lbs. STOCKBRIDGE CORN MANURE, which I bought at North Weare, 4153 lbs. of ears of sound corn, a sample of which I send with this statement, which at 70 lbs. to the bushel, gives me 59 23-70 bushels shelled corn. The weight of the stover was 6531 lbs, or three tons and a quarter, and the land was an old field that had not been ploughed for 12 years, and had not been top-dressed at all during that time, so THERE WAS NO OLD MANURE IN THE SOIL TO MAKE THE CORN GROW. My age is 23 years. WILBUR D. CHASE.

Mr. Chase, who writes the above, was awarded the Second Prize on Corn, which we offered in 1884.

BOWKER FERTILIZER COMPANY, BOSTON & NEW YORK.

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AT THE

CENTENNIAL.

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HEAL THYSELF

[april11-ly

The Poet's Corner.

THE COMMON SOLDIER.

Nobody cared when he went to war
 But the woman who cried on his shoulder;
Nobody decked him with immortelles—
 He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk
 Folded raiment and officer's fare;
A knapsack held all the new recruit
 Might own, or love, or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-bye fete,
 With sparkling jest and flower crowned wine.
Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood
 Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went
 With the man who fought till the bullet sped
Through the coat, undecked with leaf or star,
 On a common soldier left for dead.

The cold rain bathed the fevered wound,
 And the kind clouds wept the livelong night;
A pitying lotion Nature gave,
 Till help might come with the morning light—

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives,
 Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder;
And another name swells the pension list
 For the meagre pay of a common soldier.

What matter how he served the guns
 When plume and sash were over yonder!
What matter though he bore the flag
 Through blinding smoke and battle thunder?

What matter that a wife and child
 Cry softly for that arm rent,
And wonder why that random shot
 To him, their own beloved, was sent?

O patriot hearts wipe out this stain!
 Give jeweled cup and sword no more;
But let no common soldier blush
 To own the loyal blue he wore.

Shout long and loud for victory won
 By chief and leader stanch and true;
But don't forget the boys that fought—
 Shout for the common soldier, too.

Ladies' Department.

PASSION'S SHADOW.

CHAPTER I.

The band was playing the waltz entitled 'La Sympathie,' and Lady Ausburgh appeared to be listening to its strains with absorbed interest, or watching the gay crowd passing to and fro like a cloud of brilliant butterflies. Her ladyship was sitting apart in a leafy nook, with Sir Philip Rayner. She was neither hearkening to the music, nor contemplating the mob: she was thinking of the story he had just related. Lady Ausburgh was one of those women who are elected with their will or without it as a general mother-confessor by all the men and women of their acquaintance. Never did she, by look, word or deed, betray any of the oft time dangerous secrets confided to her ear—breathed with as much confidence into that little pink shell as into the ear of cowled priest. Nobody had ever discovered any of Lady Ausburgh's own affairs, although everybody felt sure her confidences would be hugely interesting; she had always been known as an atrocious flirt, but nobody ever sought to win or surprise what she chose to withhold. She claimed now to be an old woman, in virtue of her forty five years, while complacently aware that she looked scarcely more than thirty.

'But,' she protested, shaking out the lace at the edge of her toy sunshade, 'all that is only nonsense.'

'It appears so, no doubt,' answered Sir Philip, almost crossly.

'Men are such absurd, irritating fools,' pursued Lady Ausburgh. 'The longer I live, and the more I see of men, the more I realize that the angels may well weep over their crotchets and fancies.

'You are severe, yet probably just,' said Sir Philip. 'May I get you an ice?'

'No, thanks. I want to point out to you how really ridiculous all this matter is,' remarked Lady Ausburgh.

'It is rather too bad to be laughed at, when one has told a story which might easily rise to a tragedy,' grumbled Sir Philip, sulkily.

'My dear friend, I am not laughing at you,' answered her ladyship. 'I speak for your good. I know that once a man is seized with a passion for some particular girl, the wisest philosopher in the world might out talk Demosthenes, with the satisfaction of finding he would spend his time more profitably talking Greek to a chawbacon. Now, is it not nonsensical to use the word tragedy—you will own that?'

'What are the component parts of tragedy? Is it not a tragedy when a man's life is spoiled?' demanded Sir Philip.

'Why should a man's life be spoiled by such childish longing and craving as you babble of? You choose to pet up and nurse a fancy for a girl whom you have not seen for ten years, and who may be dead or married for anything you can guess to the contrary!'

'I do not nurse the fancy. It is a fixed unalterable love, intertwined with my heart-strings. I cannot rid myself of it, if I would. Ellice Dayrell cannot be dead—' Sir Philip turned visibly pale, and his voice faltered. 'Married? I do not believe it. She loved me—that I know—deeply, passionately.'

'The love of a girl of sixteen is neither deep nor passionate,' said Lady Ausburgh, contemptuously. 'And if she is as lovely as you say—'

'She was the most beautiful creature I ever beheld,' cried Sir Philip.

'H'm. Every laddie thinks his lassie the most peerless being the world ever saw. But if she is this exquisite Greek goddess kind of young woman, do you think it conceivable that nobody has coveted her as a wife?—she must be six and twenty now. Even if she had no money, she is handsome, can sing divinely, you say—pooh, nothing would pursuade me that she is not married, if alive.'

'It would be ten thousand times more endurable to learn that she is dead,' exclaimed Sir Philip.

'Probably. And you are going to renew the search for her? It is a pity you ever lost her if your affections are so irretrievably fixed on her. There does not seem much likelihood of your finding the young woman, but sometimes people reappear on the scene in the most sudden and unaccountable manner. Let me see. She ran away, you said? She must have been a foolish, flighty kind of a puss, or else very bad tempered.'

'She was neither. Ellice Dayrell was true, good, angelic—too good for me. She deserved a better fate. It was all my fault—and my mother's. I must say that, although she is dead.'

'And you have nothing to trace her by? If she—you must forgive me for hurting your feelings, my dear friend, but—now, supposing she were dead—'

'I will not suppose it,' vehemently interrupted the young man.

'No? very well. But have you the slightest clew to give of her identity? It appears she and those connected with her determined to erase all signs by which you could follow her,' persisted Lady Ausburgh, laying a dainty little gloved forefinger of one hand on the equally coquettish forefinghr of the other. 'Come, I really am interested in this history of yours. To begin. Her name was—is, shall we say?—Ellice Dayrell. She was no relative of yours?'

'She was very distantly related to my mother,' answered Philip. 'The only other relative she knew of was an old aunt—'

'Who hated you and your mother?'

'I believe so—though why, goodness only knows. The old lady lived in a horrible ogre's den somewhere in the Highlands. I saw her once—the most awful looking old witch ever visible outside Macbeth, or Grimm's Goblins.'

'Well, what is the band playing now? Is it—'

'I don't know. I didn't know they were playing.'

'Ah, well, to resume—I must go almost at once, and I hate stories to be continued at our next meeting. This peerless Ellice, then, came on a visit to your mother, and you fell in love with her, and she responded to your tender devotion—'

'I am sorry I told you anything about it,' growled Sir Philip.

'May you never commit a more foolish action than making choice of me as a confidant this day,' laughingly said Lady Ausburgh. 'It's getting terribly late. I should like to see if I have mastered the outline of the story. Don't look so savage. Lady Rayner objected to this little episode?'

'She was in the most confounded rage anybody can imagine,' said Sir Philip.

'Yes? And the beautiful Ellice lived in a dream of bliss, and did not know anything of this cross current until that evening, when you gave that unlucky promise?'

'We were betrothed—engaged. What do you call it? I had asked her to be true to me, and all that sort of thing, you know, and that evening something or somebody aroused my mother's suspicions. Ellice was playing in the drawing room—she sang and played exquisitely. It was something wonderful for a girl of sixteen.

'You have fully enlarged on her various perfections already. And your mother began to talk to you on the terrace just outside the window.'

'She did. We spoke in German. Neither my mother nor I had the least idea she understood German. We both got terribly excited, and I have no doubt must have talked very loud. My mother spoke with bitterness and contempt of my dear love, my promised wife.'

'And you?'

'You must make allowance for circumstances. I adored my mother and had been influenced by her from earliest childhood, and I was then hardly twenty three. I was determined never to give up my darling, but I feared, while I loved, my mother. Sh railed against Ellice, spoke of her penniless condition, her inferiority in social rank and so on. We argued out the question, had almost a quarrel, in fact; then my mother began to cry. Then, how it happened, I don't know. She extorted a promise that I would not marry Ellice for at least five years. The moment I gave the promise I repented, but my mother expressed such joy and satisfaction that I could not retract it. One does such wild, incredible things under the pressure of excitement. Looking back, in calm moments, it seems—'

'And the beautiful fraulein?' interposed Lady Ausburgh, as Sir Philip paused and gazed tragically into space.

'Just as this fatal promise was given,' said Sir Philip hastily, as if dragging his errant faculties back to the task of narration, 'as I told you, Ellice walked out from the drawing room to the terrace. She had not caught the words explaining that my promise was limited, I suppose, and imagined that I repudiated all idea of ever making her my wife. She spoke to me rapidly in German. Do you understand German?'

'Not very well,' said Lady Ausburgh.

'But I have already told you the story,' said Sir Philip. 'Why should I weary you by vain repetition.'

'I am more interested than you believe,' Lady Ausburgh assured him. 'I can tell you what this terrible young woman said, but it would only vex you to hear it from me.'

'It has echoed in my ears from that day to this: the words are branded on my heart,' said Sir Philip. 'Yes. She looked me straight in the face and said clearly distinctly, 'I did not intend to play the ignoble part of eavesdropper. I could not help hearing what was said of me. I thank God for saving me from the hands of a perjured traitor, though he has slain my heart.'

Neither Sir Philip nor Lady Ausburgh spoke for some moments. The band had paused and a strange silence seemed to reign. Sir Philip was gazing dreamily as if at some visionary figure. Lady Ausburgh was apparantly absorbed in thought. Her ladyship was the first to take up the broken thread of the dialogue.

'And you never saw her again?'

'No. She disappeared as if she had vanished into cloudland. My mother was startled and almost horrified. We did not imagine she had taken flight until the next morning. It was her habit to go to my mother's room about eleven o'clock and breakfast with her. I was horribly anxious that fatal night, but as she always went away to her own room early, I had no means of hearing anything of her. When she did not present herself as usual in the morning, my mother sent her maid to ask if she was ill; then we found that she had disappeared the night before. She must have walked to the station. The servants denied all knowledge of her movements. Never shall I forget the agony of shame, grief and remorse which I suffered. I started off at once to her aunt's place in the Highlands, only to be received by the old lady with absolute insult. This diabolical old woman would not answer any of my questions, would not say yes or no to the simplest inquiry; refused to say if she knew anything of her neice. I implored, I tried to bully, I tried every means I could invent to coax or drag some information from her, but she at last ordered me to leave her house. Ten years have passed and I have as yet never been able to trace one sign of my darling's steps from the night she fled—'

'Strange,' mused Lady Ausburgh, 'I am sure you will never find her now, or if you do, she will be married. Beautiful girls are nearly always married, whether they wish it or not themselves. If she had been a Catholic, she might have entered a convent, but my opinion is, that if she is alive—'

'You seem determined to make me miserable,' protested Sir Philip. 'But I will not despair. Every year Ellice's image is more firmly impressed upon my heart, and I cannot rid myself of the belief that she really loved me, and would love me to the last day of her life, for she was not one to change.'

'A woman's conceit is only surpassed by the conceit of a man, laughed Lady Ausburgh, anxiously glancing at her watch, closing her lace parasol, and securing a truant glove button—signals of speedy departure.

'Did she take anything with her when she flew away?'

'Only as much as would fill a small portmanteau. I was rejoiced to find that she kept my few gifts, the chief one being a bracelet—she affected to be fretted about a peculiar mark on her right arm, and to wish to conceal it—a curious mark, like two little blood-red hearts—'

'On her right arm?' said Lady Ausburgh, as if startled, and speaking so abruptly that the young man looked at her.

'Yes—about four or five inches above the wrist. In a teasing fit, I had the bracelet designed with two hearts formed of rubies, joined by an anchor formed of diamonds.'

'Indeed!' said Lady Ausburgh, as if thinking of something else. 'What an odd fancy—lovers are queer creatures.' She rose, an odd, puzzled expression on her face, which Sir Philip, absorbed in his own meditations, did not observe. 'So, you intend to start off again on your voyage of discovery, without knowing which way to take? I disapprove of betting or wagering, otherwise, I would not mind laying a thousand guineas to one, that if your goddess was standing before you now, changed, as she must be, you would not recognize her.'

'And I,' he said, rising, as Lady Ausburgh was evidently about to depart, 'would not mind laying twenty thousand pounds against your lace handkerchief, that I could find Ellice Dayrell among a crowd such as throngs these gardens to-day, changed as she may be.'

'The bracelet was set with diamonds, not with loadstones?' inquired Lady Ausburgh.

'Don't be satirical. I can see you sympathize with me, although you laugh,' said Sir Philip.

'Can yield a sigh of pity,' smilingly supplemented Lady Ausburgh, as she paused. 'When are you going to begin your quest in search of this lost love?'

'My plans are indefinite.'

'So I should imagine.'

'Only just for a moment. You will laugh again, as you have done since I began, but I will tell you a strange thing. I am not superstitious—quite the contrary—but I am haunted by a singular presentiment that I shall meet her within the next few weeks or months. She seems to hover near me like a spirit,' said Sir Philip.

Lady Ausburgh looked at him; he spoke with such seriousness that she felt slightly startled in spite of her better judgment.

'That is only caused by your excited fancy,' she replied. 'It is a great pity you allow yourself to cherish a dream that may end in really spoiling your life. Try to get rid of it. It is dangerous to cherish these foolish fantasies.'

'One can no more banish ideas, feelings and fancies than one can forbid dreams,' said Sir Philip.

'No,' Lady Ausburgh assented, 'that is quite true—yes. I was going to say something—I quite forget what it was all about——'

'That you are in a hurry to spread your wings and fly?' suggested Sir Philip, smiling.

'I am, or ought to be, in a hurry. But that was not what I was thinking about,' said Lady Ausburgh, unfastening a button of her glove as an excuse for looking down and refastening it. Nobody had ever yet seen Lady Ausburgh confused; nobody was ever yet likely to be conscious that she could subside into that semi-chaotic state of existence. Lady Ausburgh was trying to unravel a puzzling problem in the space of three minutes. From past uncomfortable experience, she had observed that a smile, a glance, a frown, a pout of the lips, a shrug of the shoulders, meant, as emanating from herself, almost as much as the only too celebrated Burleigh nod. To gain another moment she allowed her cream-satin sunshade to fall at her feet.

'Thanks,' she carelessly said, as Sir Philip picked up the pretty toy. 'I recollect what I was going to say—it was not worth remembering, I'm afraid. Only that I hope you will be sure to come to my living waxwork exhibition on Thursday. I have sent you a card. Mind—you must come.'

'To hear is to obey,' said Sir Philip. 'May I attend you to your carriage?'

'Oh, nonsense. Good-bye until I see you again,' laughed her ladyship. 'I shall be obliged to speak to at least fifty people on my way out. I have wasted a good half hour on your romantic story, my friend.'

Lady Ausburgh glided away. Sir Philip sauntered off in the opposite direction.

'What a dashed fool a man can make of himself when he lets himself talk to a woman like her,' he mentally observed. 'I wish I hadn't told her all that nonsense.'

'What odd things people tell you,' Lady Ausburgh thought. 'I suppose he is in earnest. When one reads of affairs like this in penny dreadfuls, they seem absurd: when one meets them in clever novels, they are disagreeable; and when real people tell you about them, they are worst of all, and make one feel uncomfortable. Two marks, like two little hearts, just above the right wrist—and, that peculiar bracelet! It must be more than a coincidence. I hope he won't come on Thursday. It looks like the second act of a tragedy. And, I do so hate uncomfortable scenes and excitements. I wish I knew what to do under the circumstances.'

CHAPTER II.

Everybody admired Lady Ausburgh, everybody envied her; everybody cultivated her, nobody said spiteful things of her. The society papers devoted little paragraphs to her parties and receptions, her toilets, her general movements.

Everybody was greatly excited about the last reception to be given this season by her ladyship; everybody was talking to everybody else about it, and the people not invited were intriguing desperately to obtain cards. The chief matter of curiosity and discussion lay in the fact that the beautiful Princess Petroni was to take a principal part in the groups illustrating scenes from history, and the works of celebrated poets. The Princess was known to a few exclusives. She had been met at only two or three receptions given by two or three Duchesses, and it was whispered that she had dared to snub a certain royal personage who, it was said, extravagantly admired her.

Lady Ausburgh had become acquainted with the Princess in Rome the previous winter, and the acquaintance had almost ripened into friendship. The Princess was a young Englishwoman, married to a wealthy Italian prince of ancient lineage, and had confided to Lady Ausburgh some passages of her past life. She had left England in consequence of uncomfortable differences with relatives, had studied for the operatic stage, had appeared at Milan with brilliant success, and six months later had quitted the scene of her triumphs to marry Prince Petroni. Lady Ausburgh had never heard her maiden name, and no more than these scanty dry facts.

'I wonder if her name is Ellice!' mused Lady Ausburgh. 'Happy thought.' Her ladyship sat down at her desk the morning after Sir Philip's confidential communication, and scribbled off a question to the Princess about some Italian peasant costumes for one of her characters. To this she received a prompt and friendly reply, signed Ellice Petroni. 'Good,' said Lady Ausburgh complacently. 'I will not jump to a conclusion, but the coincidences are enough to encourage an amateur detective in following up the trail. I hope Sir Philip will not come.'

The Princess was among the earliest arrivals this Thursday night. Lady Ausburgh greeted her with an almost rapturous welcome. The Princess was an exquisitely lovely creature, with a serious face, perfect as that of some Greek goddess. She was resplendent with diamonds, and on her right arm gleamed the bracelet exactly answering the description of the one mentioned by Sir Philip Rayner—concealing the two marks which Lady Ausburgh had noticed.

Lady Ausburgh felt troubled. Every moment she feared to hear the name of Sir Philip Rayner called. But, with the diplomatic touch which was with her partly ingrained, partly second nature, she questioned the Princess.

'I am charmed with this bracelet,' she said lightly. 'The design is so original. May I ask, if it be not an impertinence, where you bought it?'

'I did not buy it,' answered the Princess smiling.

Lady Ausburgh looked at her calm face, serene as that of a siren or saint fresh from the easel of Burne Jones.

'A lover's gift?' her ladyship daringly hazarded, in a soft murmer, over the edge of the feathers fringing a fan said, on indisputable authority, to have belonged to Marie Antoinette.

A slight movement of the lovely mouth of the Princess, half repellant, half responsive, passed like a faint, tremulous wave of emotion. But the question had scarcely died away, when a counter wave of emotion and excitement warned Lady Ausburgh that the nominal hero of the evening—His Royal Highness—was on the staircase, and on his way to offer her some of those silvern compliments so enviously coveted. Lady Ausburgh hurried back to her station as hostess. The evening was destined to rank as one of her ladyship's most superb social successes, but the achievement of this victory entailed much hard work.

Nearly an hour passed. The currents and cross-currents of emotion and excitement had almost driven from her mind the romance in which she had felt so lively an interest, when Lady Ausburgh saw Sir Philip making his way toward her, having evidently just arrived. By a hasty glance she ascertained that the Princess was not visible—she had gone to put on the robes of Hermione in the statue scene from the 'Winter's Tale.' Lady Ausburgh resolved not to say any thing of her surmise, but to wait. By some idle remarks on the first subjects to be thought of—a picture in the Academy, a singer at the opera, a newly opened bazar—she detained him by her side until the silken curtains drew aside and revealed a group arranged with consummate taste and skill.

A murmur of delight and admiration rippled through the crowd. The center figure and chief object of attraction was the Princess, standing, tall, statue-like. A piece of white drapery falling from the shoulder concealed the mystical diamond bracelet.

'Do you know the Princess Petroni?' Lady Ausburgh asked Sir Philip, who was gazing with fixed attention at the Hermione.

'I have heard of her,' he answered, carelessly.

'She is very beautiful, is she not?'

'Y—yes. But she looks cold and haughty. That may be the effect of the character she has assumed, though.'

'She has the name of being one of the most beautiful women in Europe,' added Lady Ausburgh.

'And, deservedly so, I should imagine,' Sir Philip responded, with indifference.

Lady Ausburgh glanced keenly at him, unobserved. 'It must be only a coincidence,' she mentally observed. 'A strange one! But such odd things happen, that it is a waste of energy to be surprised at anything.

The curtains were drawn together, and again raised to display a second group. This time the Princess appeared as Mary Stuart in a scene chosen from the history of that unhappy Queen. Sir Philip had moved from another part of the room, and Lady Ausburgh watched him, without detecting the slightest sign that he viewed this beautiful woman with any feeling beyond languid curiosity.

The tableaux were over. The Princess Petroni, calm to the verge of frigidity, returned to her place among the guests, to be overwhelmed with compliments.

'Certainly, a droll coincidence,' thought Lady Ausburgh. 'It proves the absurdity of jumping to conclusions.' As the reflection passed through her mind, moving back to avoid the pressure of the crowd, some lace on her cream velvet train caught in a snare laid by a group of ferns. A friendly hand instantly detached the lace; she turned—Sir Philip had come to the rescue, by good fortune.

'Thanks—so very much,' she said; adding to herself: 'Now, for a bold experiment. I must say,' she went on to Sir Philip 'present you to my friend, the Princess Petroni.'

'You are very kind,' answered Sir Philip; 'but will you think me disgracefully rude if I say I don't care about her?'

'I shall, indeed—horribly, outrageously rude! I really must give you the opportunity of speaking to her! Why, everybody is fairly raving about her! You ought to be enchanted and profoundly grateful to me!'

'As you please,' said Sir Philip. 'I wanted to get away, but it is of no consequence.'

He followed Lady Ausburgh, listlessly, and allowed himself to be presented to the lovely Princess. Lady Ausburgh had hoped he would notice the curious bracelet, but she observed that the Princess held her enormous black fan in such a way that the ornament was entirely concealed. Some one began to sing—a famous professional—and the circle about the couch where the Princess sat melted away, leaving her with her hostess and Sir Philip.

Lady Ausburgh had heard wondrous anecdotes of the fascination which the Princess exercised over all men who approached her, and, therefore, watched with some interest the commencement of the dialogue, remaining silent herself. Either designedly or unconsciously, the Princess emerged from her frigid coldness, as the sun issues from behind gray clouds, and Lady Ausburgh was troubled to witness the effect of the spell which she seemed to throw over Sir Philip. She still carefully concealed the diamond bracelet—evidently, with intention.

'The truth of the matter is,' Lady Ausburgh thought, 'she is the Ellice he told me of; she recognizes him—even if she did not catch his name—and he does not know her. Balzac might have made quite a little story out of this. I wonder how it will end? She could turn any male creature's head if she chose. She is bewitching. I wonder if she is happy or contented?'

The song was ended, and the crowd began to circulate again, talking, laughing, flirting. Lady Ausburgh said to the Princess: 'I am ashamed to trespass so far on your kindness, but I should be so delighted if you would sing. I have been told so much of your vocal ability, but if you remember, each time we have met, I was disappointed.'

'I will sing with pleasure,' answered the Princess, readily—smiling half joyously, as a young girl smiles at compliments which have yet the charm of freshness in her ears. 'I can sing from memory, and accompany myself.'

Sir Philip Rayner eagerly offered his arm to lead her to the pianforte, as if glad of the excuse to linger near her. Then, as she seated herself, he remained standing a little behind.

With the brilliant, easy touch of a professional, she ran over the prelude, and then began to sing. Her voice, limpid and pure as that of an angel, rose and filled the room with waves of melody. The song she had chosen was the one Ellice Dayrell had sung the night she fled. Sir Philip Rayner listened like one in a dream; he moved closer, as if drawn by magnetic force, until he was almost at the Princess' side. At the end of the first verse, he glanced across at Lady Ausburgh with an expression of trouble and infinite perplexity; then, he stooped slightly, as if watching the movement of the Princess' fingers over the keys. In reality, he had caught sight of the bracelet on her right arm. He remained, however, motionless, as if turned into marble, until the last notes had died away, and the Princess rose. She wheeled round abruptly, not with her ordinary languid grace, and looked him straight in the eyes, with an almost defiant air. It seemed to both as if the mutual gaze lasted for an hour; but only one minute elapsed, and Sir Philip Rayner felt compelled to speak.

'Madam—'

The Princess Potroni bent her head with cold self-possession, as if maliciously pleased to see him so utterly disconcerted—fully aware that she held him at the utmost disadvantage, in presence of a crowd, hardly more than dimly conscious of her identity. Before he could rally his forces, or speak again, she was surrounded by a circle of courtiers, all eager to claim a glance, a word, even 'the shadow of a sound' from the queen of the hour. Revenge is sweet—cruelly sweet to all; even the martyr souls cry with a loud voice to be avenged. The angelic host alone are exempt from this human weakness.

On that night of dark despair, when Ellice Dayrell had fled away, she had prayed with anguished bitterness for vengeance. At this moment, the first time she had come face to face with the man who had thrown insult upon her, she felt that her prayer was granted.

Lady Ausburgh witnessed the scene with some pity, and some curiosity.

'Two lives spoilt—maybe,' she thought. 'I wonder if she cares for him still. It would not make a bad incident for a play. How will it end? But, things never seem to end, even when a somebody does.'

Laughing and talking with twenty guests she watched Sir Philip, and observed that he was moving slowly toward her through the crowd. At last he reached her, and in a hasty whisper, said:

'You remember the story I told you at Mrs. Thornley's garden party?'

'Yes.'

'Did you know—'

'I knew nothing at the time,' answered Lady Ausburgh.

'Now?'

'I can guess. You have met her, and you did not recognize her?'

'No. I cannot imagine why. It was so sudden—and I never dreamed of meeting her like this. Can you—will you—may I beg of you to try to obtain for me five minutes' talk with her?' urgently entreated Sir Philip.

'I am afraid it would be impossible—but I will try,' responded Lady Ausburgh. 'I don't see how it can be managed, in the midst of all these people. And, I don't think it is quite fair to her. Can you not wait, and find another opportunity? Though I must own I have heard that she is to leave England at the end of the week. What do you want to say to her?'

'Say? I have a thousand things to say—

Lady Ausburgh drew back one or two steps—imperceptibly, idly flirting her fan.

'Second thoughts are best,' she murmured. The Duchess of Carrington was approaching. Amid the little court attending her Grace gleamed a somber visage, and this visage acted as a warning signal to Lady Ausburgh. Once she had interfered, only to do irremediable mischief when she had sought to play guardian angel. A shudder ran through her frame; a shiver, as if the shadow of death had fallen across her path. 'You must forgive me,' she hurriedly said. 'I feel worried and bothered—these receptions are such a responsibility, even for me. I am awfully sorry—but it is very stupid to get excited about what is really only a dream,' she concluded, raising her beautiful blue eyes to his face for a moment, half angrily, half regretfully.

Only a dream! Yes, after all, it was but a dream—and, as in a dream, the victim of a strange fantasy cannot escape from dreamland, the young man stood spellbound, one of those terrible storms of emotion which often wreck a human being's life, surging over his soul. It was a dream—nothing but a dream. Would there be any awaking to cold sense and reality? The mingled perfumes, the wax lights, the subdued murmur of laughing voices, the soft frou-frou of silks, satins and laces, the butterfly flutter of fans, the sparkle and gleam of ten thousand diamonds, the silvery shimmer of pearls, combined to make a visionary inferno cloud, in which his lonely spirit floated as if lost in utter solitude. A curious, dreadful sensation of loneliness struck on his heart like an ice chill; the agony distilled from the slow tortures of a thousand years fell upon him like the clutch of a demon.

A man must always argue, even if the opposition be held only by the mysterious *alter ego* who haunts the human being more closely than his shadow—that reflected self who is not friend, nor enemy, nor judge, but who stands as sunlight unto shade, as echo to sound, as sadness to laughter, as all things nearly akin, yet ever antagonistic.

'Only a dream!' he repeated to himself, as Lady Ausburgh glided away to greet the dear Duchess, who had floated in for a moment on her assembly. 'Only a dream! Why do I suffer like this? It is but folly, perhaps, when all is said and done. Yet, the pain at my heart is cruel.'

It might have been a year since he had looked at the white fingers of the Princess touching the ivory keys of the pianoforte, and scarcely a second since the cold, discouraging words of Lady Ausburgh had fallen on his ears. At all hazards, he was resolved to speak to the Princess, were it but for a moment. He turned to the place where he had left her; she had disappeared.

Could he, dare he ask one of the servants if she had departed? The agony of suspense was too great to bear.

The very menials of the house were absorbed in the business of the hour. It was impossible to gain the attention of the most insignificant among the be-plushed circle. The perfumed, idle, laughing throng of guests increased every instant, and the heat became intolerable to Sir Philip; the scene, to his distempered fancy, was worthy of being placed in the inferno.

A delicious, alluring breeze floated in from the conservatory leading down to the illuminated garden, and, with the instinct of seeking relief from a deadly faintness which had attacked him, he made his way toward it.

The conservatory was half deserted; here and there a group loitered, a couple of lovers, perhaps, hovered among the tropical plants, their voices subdued in harmony with the softly gleaming lamps, the musical splash of the water in the fernery.

By the marble edge of the fanciful arrangement walling in the fernery, apparently gazing at the falling, translucent water, sat one figure, partly concealed by the branching foliage of some tall plants placed in the form of a screen.

The sight of the slender form drooping, solitary, motionless as a white marble figure coldly gleaming behind her shoulder, made Sir Philip Rayner's heart beat fast. With one step he reached her, but, as he was about to touch her, she turned swiftly, and stood up haughtily, divinely fair, majestic as Diana surveying audacious intruders, or Venus rising from her ocean bath. As she moved, a glow of veiled light from some clusters of lamps above fell upon her like a wave of moonlight. From the circlet on her head to the buckles on her shoes, she was sparkling with diamonds; for a moment, as she rose, she appeared as if splashed with tears.

Sir Philip, almost suffocated with emotion, unable to speak, placed his hand with a nervous grip over the diamond bracelet upon her right arm. She looked steadily at him—tears flickering at the edge of her long lashes—a passionless, calm look.

'Ellice!'

The Princess gazed at him steadily, with the look of one walking in her sleep. She answered neither by word nor sign, and did not attempt to loosen her arm from his grasp.

'I have found you—at last! Oh, my darling, in what anguish and pain have I not atoned for those foolish words which made you fly me! Have you no word of pardon for me? I do not think I quite deserved such cruel treatment, such utter desertion, although I own I did play a coward's part. Speak to me, Ellice—only one word. I cannot conceive how it happened that I did not recognize you at once, when I saw you—for you are really not changed—yet, you are a thousand times more beautiful than in the old days. Ah, those days when you loved me, when you were mine—I would give all I have in the world could I recall them. It is too late to hope for—'

The Princess made a slight, abrupt movement, shaking his clasp from her arm almost with the gesture of one throwing off a venomous snake. Her face wore only an expression of weariness, of profound sadness; no anger, no relenting answered Sir Philip's appeal.

'What you say is either folly or insult,' she coldly said, taking up her white satin wrap from the seat from which she had risen, and folding herself in it with a shiver, as if chilled.

'Folly! Insult! Ellice—'

'Nothing can bridge over the gulf separating the past from the present,' she added. 'Even were I free, the past days could never be recalled now. That night I cried to Heaven for vengeance. I know not if my prayer was heard.'

'Free?'

'It is absurd, impertinent, to affect ignorance of my circumstances. But, we are wasting time. I am very tired. Good night. I perceive my husband has arrived, and is evidently looking for me.

Sir Philip wheeled round, following the direction of her eyes. A sensation as if he had been shot through the heart seized him. He had forgotten that some one had told him the beautiful Princess Petroni was married. He saw a tall, stately man of perhaps forty—dark, in appearance resembling some noble portrait by Titian. This man smiled as the Princess slowly moved to meet him, and advanced with eagerness, yet, with the assured air of one who fears no rival.

'Good night, Sir Philip Rayner,' said the Princess, with an inclination of her queenly head. The words meant an eternal farewell; spoken in a low, firm tone, a faint minor chord of regret running through them.—[Tinsley's Magazine.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE HOME FARM.

BY E. A. BARROWS.

A few miles from the city
 On the "Lilac Hedge" farm,
Nature wears her brightest green
 And fills the air with balm;
The clustering elms at the "Grotto,"
 Beside the running brook,
Spread out their graceful branches
 O'er this sequestered nook.

The big elm at the corner,
 The cherries near the door,
Were set by hands now folded
 To rest forevermore.
Beyond the north room window
 The lilac bushes grow,
While fragrant cinnamon roses
 Are planted just below.

The house is large and painted white,
 Old fashioned rooms low built,
With all the modern draperies,
 And parlor paper "gilt;"
Three generations in pictures
 Are hanging on the wall,
Their interest in the homestead
 United one and all.

"Little Grandma" at eighty five
 Sits in her easy chair,
Quoting scripture passages
 For every daily care;
She will tell you where Grandpa sleeps,
 That "all his life was good,"
How she had for consolation
 "She hath done what she could."

The youngest son to the farm house
 Has brought his handsome bride,
They are honest, true, and loving,
 And walking side by side;
All are welcome to the table,
 Nora, Fred, "witty Will,"
And the new boy from the city,
 Who yet is very still.

Oh, the merry life of farmers,
 From the fountain drink their health,
Crowned with Nature's bounteous blessings,
 Richer far than city wealth.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

A LUCKY LETTER.

[Helen Forrest Graves in Boston Commonwealth.]

'Tea is ready, girls,' said Saba Thorn.

'*Tea!*'

It was no luxurious repast of buttered toast, fragrant Oolong, honey and preserves; no comfortable repast of cold fowl, tongue, potted meats and biscuit hot from the oven! When Saba Thorn called it 'tea,' she merely used a conventionalism. It was only a scanty meal of baker's bread, with a pot of cheap butter, a little smoked beef, which had been brought from the corner grocer's in a brown paper cover, and some milk and water, blue and tasteless; for Saba and her two cousins found it necessary to economize very strictly indeed.

Saba worked for an upholsterer. All day long she stitched pillow-ticks and tufted mattresses in a dark little room, where there was a prevailing smell of rancid geese-feathers.

Her cousin Helen stood behind the counter of a milliner's shop on the Bowery; and little Kate—the youngest of the three—was 'packer' in a fancy store, and could do up more neat paper parcels in a given time than you would believe possible.

They were all three pallid and colorless, like plants that had grown in a cellar. They all three had a certain languor of manner, and spoke in low, suppressed voices.

They lived together in this one room with a little alcove running out of it, because it was the cheapest mode of existence, and because their scant earnings, clubbed together, could be laid out to better advantage than if expended singly. Moreover, to these poor, homeless girls there was a home feeling in being together.

'I don't feel hungry,' said Helen, with a grimace.

'I am so tired of bread and butter!' sighed little Kate. 'Oh, if I could only have some of the stewed grapes that mother used to make!'

'Oh, that reminds me,' said Saba, taking a letter off the mantle. 'I've heard from old Mrs. Pinkney. She wants us to buy a fashionable bonnet for her—garnet velvet with a long plume—if we can get it for a dollar and a half; and to look out for a bargain in crimson merino for Louisa Jane's winter frock. She wants the very best quality, and she can't go higher than thirty-seven cents a yard. And she wishes to know if we are acquainted with anybody in the business who will dye over her pea-green silk skirt at half price.'

Helen shrugged her shoulders.

'She must think we have plenty of time to execute her commissions,' said she.

'Merino for thirty-seven cents a yard!' cried little Kate. 'And a hat of velvet for a dollar and a half. Does the woman expect impossibilities?'

'But that isn't all,' said Saba. 'Uncle John is very poor. She thinks his relations ought to look after him.'

'Uncle John!' said Kate.

'Poor!' echoed Helen.

'But what has become of all his money?' said little Kate, intently knitting her brows.

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Saba. 'Mrs. Pinkney doesn't go into particulars. All the rest of the letter is about the sewing-society, and the chicken-cholera which has carried off so many of her fowls.'

'He must have been persuaded into investing in some of those dreadful mining stocks!' said little Kate.

'But 'girls,' said Saba, 'what are we to do?'

'Precisely what he has always done to us,' said Helen—'let him alone.'

'No, no, Helen!' pleaded little Kate. 'Don't talk so. Remember, he is the only uncle we have got. He was our mother's brother.'

'And what has he ever done for *us*?' retorted Helen, bitterly.

'That don't signify,' reasoned Saba. 'He is old and feeble. He needs our care. That is enough.'

'Saba is right,' urged little Kate. 'Uncle John mustn't be left to die alone.'

'But what can we do?' said Helen. 'We can't bring him *here*!'

'No,' said Saba. 'It would break his heart to take him away from the pine forests. We must go to him.'

'And all starve together?' said Helen. 'I don't see that that would be much of an improvement on the present state of things.'

'Listen!' said Saba, lifting an authoritative forefinger. From a trifling seniority in years, and a somewhat greater experience in the world of work, Saba had become quite an oracle in the trio. 'I've been considering it. I can do the housework for Uncle John.'

'Yes,' said Helen.

'Of course,' said little Kate. 'And if he hasn't been obliged to sell the cow we can, perhaps, have real creamy milk, and now and then a little cottage-cheese. Oh, wouldn't that be splendid?'

'Helen could make bonnets for the farmers' wives,' suggested Saba. 'The women out there know what a pretty bonnet is as well as any one, only they can't get it.'

'Bravo!' cried Helen, clapping her hands. 'I do think I have rather a genius for the business!'

'And little Kate could go out to plain sewing by the day, among the neighbors,' added Saba. 'Or help around in soap-making and preserving times. There are a good many who would pay fifty cents a day and board for good, intelligent help. And that is a deal more than she earns here.'

Little Kate looked rather sober.

'I have my doubts about that plan working,' said she. 'But I couldn't stay here, away from you. If you all go, why, so will I.'

'Then,' went on Saba, 'I've laid up six dollars toward a winter cloak. Uncle John wants it more than I do. I'll keep it for him.'

'There is my ten dollars in the savings-bank,' added Helen. I *did* want a pair of thick boots and a warm winter shawl. But if Uncle John is really in need'——

'I haven't saved any money,' said little Kate, sorrowfully 'How could I, with my wages of two dollars a week? But I will do all that I can to help.'

'You are dear, generous girls, both of you,' said Saba. 'It may be a little hard just at first, but it is clearly our duty to go to Uncle John. And I will write and tell him so this very night.'

'Do; said Helen. 'I'll borrow Miss Clitch's ink bottle, and there are a pen and two sheets of paper in the washstand drawer. I can buy a postage stamp at the druggist's on the corner.'

'Wouldn't a postal card be cheaper?' said wise little Kate.

But Saba shook her head.

'Would you put Uncle John's poverty on a postal card for all the world to read?' said she.

And little Kate answered, somewhat abashed:

'I didn't think of that. I only thought of economizing a cent. I wonder if the time will ever come when we don't have to think of saving?'

And little Kate put on her bonnet and tripped around to the druggist's, where one particular clerk put himself out to wait upon her.

'She has got a face like a daisy,' said the druggist's clerk. 'If ever I marry I should like a wife like that! No, she's not much of a customer of ours, but I have seen her at church meetings, and I walk home with her sometimes of an evening. She lives in Timm's tenement house with her sister and cousin, and works in Gracey's store. That's all I know about her. But she always makes one think of a wild-flower.'

Uncle John Jaycox was sitting by his fireside when his niece's letter came. The fire of birched logs blazed gloriously up the chimney; a pair of fat, home-run candles glittered on the table. In all the room there was no evidence of griping poverty.

'Yes,' said Uncle John to a tall young man who sat opposite. 'I guess I'll have you here to run the farm for me, Israel Penfield. It's gettin' too much for me to manage alone. But as for some woman to keep house for me, now that Anastatia Grixon has been fool enough to marry old Simpson—Eh? what?—a letter? I'm obleged to you, Mrs. Pinkney! Stop and take a warm while I read it, and I'll git you a basket of gilliflower apples to carry home afterward. They're jest spilin' to be eaten, them gilliflowers is.'

But as he perused his letter a curious expression stole over his rugged features.

'Sakes alive!' said he, stamping one foot on the floor. 'What in creation does all this mean? I guess we'll have enough housekeepers, Israel. Here's my three nieces from New York a comin' to live with me, because Mrs. Pinkney here has writ 'em that I've lost my property. And *they're* goin' to take care of me. Well, I swan!'

'I didn't write no sich!' whined Mrs. Pinkney with rather an alarmed air. 'I only said you was dreadful poor in health. I meant the lumbago and rheumatiz. I didn't say nothin' about money!'

'Well, no matter what you said, and what you didn't say,' declared Uncle John, crumbling up the letter in his hand and staring at the fire. 'The gals think I'm poor, and they're comin' here to support me, and make a home for me in my old age—bless their hearts! I don't know why they should do it,' he added, with a conscience stricken face. 'I never did nothin' for them. And Kate and Helen are my sister Jane's darters, and Saba is Hepsy's only child. And they're workin' for a livin,' and I've got more than I know what to do with. It's a shame, now ain't it, that things is so unevenly divided?'

'Just exactly what I've always said,' quietly remarked Israel Penfield.

'Uncle John Jaycox looked at him with a queer twinkle in his opaque blue eyes.

'I declare,' said he, them gals has taught me a lesson! I don't need to be took care of in my old age; but I swan to goodness! it would be kind of pleasant to have three gals around lookin' arter the old man. I'm a mind to try it.'

'I would if I was you,' said Israel Penfield.

So when Saba, Helen and little Kate arrived, Uncle John received them with a warm welcome.

'Nieces,' said he, I ain't poor, nor I ain't likely to be; but I'm glad to see you. I'm glad to know that there's any one in the world cares enough for the old man to come and look arter him, without no expectation of bein' paid for it. It sort o' shores up my confidence in human natur'. Come in! come in! There's plenty of room for you all in the old farm house. Come in and welcome!'

The three girls looked at each other.

'Ought we to stay?' they asked each other.

'Yes,' whispered little Kate. 'There are two red cows in the field. I saw them!'

'And the air smells so sweet!' said pale Helen.

'And Uncle John spoke as if he was really glad to see us,' said Saba. 'Oh, yes, let us stay!'

Nor did any of the contracting parties ever regret the misunderstanding which had brought them so curiously together.

Little Kate went back to the city, after a year or two, to marry the druggist's clerk, who was now setting up in a small way for himself, and had come down to the country after the daisy faced girl who had once attracted his attention.

And Saba—quiet Saba—is to stay with Uncle John, to read the paper to him and cheer up the long, lonely evenings.

'For I couldn't get along without the girl, nohow!' says Uncle John, jovially.

GIBRALTAR.

Military discipline is here the great order of the day. Never for one moment can you forget the ruling spirit. You dare not produce a pencil and note-book till your sketching pass is duly signed and countersigned, and even that is only given for a limited period, and with the proviso that you must make no drawing of any fortification (as if you could omit the one characteristic of the place). At every turn you come on new batteries, great guns and mortars, with their thousand hard, black eyes, keeping watch and ward. Death's playthings everywhere, the very gardens yielding only grapeshot and other Dead Sea fruit. Beside the graceful flower vases are heaped up great pyramids of cannon-balls; fixed bayonets gleam beneath the spiked aloes; tall plumes of grasses wave over plumed bonnets, and scarlet blossoms resolve themselves into tartans as first one, then another well-known regiment marches down with pipes playing for there is a field-day on the parade ground in as picturesque a spot as you are likely to find, and Spaniards and Moors, Jews and Britons are among the spectators, to say nothing of Rock scorpins, as English children born on "Old Gib" are called. Doubtless, also, the Barbary apes are looking down on us from their haunts among the cliffs, where they still find a refuge, being protected by stringent laws. They are tailless, of course, as their name implies. Poor, humble-looking creatures, yet more precious than all their long-tailed brethren, inasmuch as they are the sole representatives of the monkey tribe still existing in Europe. They are found, however, in vast numbers on the coast of Barbary; and this handful of the rock seems to corroborate the story of the former union of the two continents. It would seem that the making of the Phœnician canal had cut off the retreat of this little garrison, isolating them from their fellows. But, though they alone remain as living proofs of the time when Europe and Africa were one, there are wonderful caves in the rock where bones of elephants and rhinoceroses, leopards and hyenas, lie bleaching together, as they have lain for countless centuries; strange memorials of still more remote ages, when they and their fellows were free to wander at large through Spanish and Italian forests, and thence pass undisturbed to Calias and across the dry land to Dover, there to leave their old bones for the wonder and edification of curious and inquisitive human beings in this nineteenth century. The caves are not at all antediluvian tombs. Some have been homes of the living, who have sought an asylum in times of danger.

One of the most interesting of these rock dwellings is known as Martin's Cave; its only entrance is from the actual face of the precipice, the perpendicular cliff towering 700 feet above it, while an equally precipitous wall of natural and artificial fortifications lies between it and the calm blue sea below. The only access to this cave is along a steep and dangerous rocky ledge, scarcely to be called a path, whence one false step would hurl you through midair to find your rest in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean. But within the cavern you will find still quieter waters. You pass from the glowing sunlight into the dim, ghostly cave, where tall stalagmites rise up to meet the pendant stalactites which adorn the roof, giving an effect of gray pillars, some slender, some massive, and as you peer through these into the innermost recesses of the cave you perceive a still, dark pool, into which from time to time one single drop of water falls with a dull splash from the rock above.—[Belgravia.

A JUNE MORNING.

(Lillian Grey in Godey's Lady's Book for June.)

Light clouds go swimming along the blue,
 The lark his jubilant song is singing,
The butterfly dips to drink the dew,
 And far in the distance bells are ringing.

The crow to the cornfield wings his way,
 In spite of the direful woes impending;
The farmer says: "Twill be fair today!"
 And to cheery labor his men is send ng.

But 'tis pleasanter still, on the porch to sit,
 Or saunter forth in the morning's splendor,
As free as the birds that round us flit,
 And chatter their love-notes, low and tender.

The musical bees go swinging by.
 The roses burden the air with sweetness,
In daisies and clover the cattle lie,
 And Earth is crowned with the year's completeness.

Cool, shadowy places along the streams,
 Allure our steps as the day grows older,
And lull our senses, until it seems
 That the days can never be wet, or colder.

Fair summer mornings! we'll dream of you
 When the winter winds are round us blowing;
And the scent of the roses bathed in dew,
 Will haunt us still in the days of snowing.

HOW MR. BEECHER LOOKS AND HOW HE PREACHES.

Mr. Beecher has a strongly marked appearance. He is robust. A splendid constitution has been sedulously guarded. His face in the upper part is intellectual and spiritual. The lower is heavy, and if not relieved by the eyes and front would be gross and unpleasing. But when the countenance lights up with the glowing fervor of the orator, it affords a field on which all the passing emotions are depicted. He is a wide student, has read much, and observed nature and human life keenly. He loves children and flowers. He is a connoisseur of art—a keen critic of men and manner. His theology is of no school, and is to some strangely and perplexingly inconsistent. He is a humorist, at times carrying the grotesque beyond the limits not merely of pulpit law, but even those of general good taste. He evidently represses much that bubbles up to his lips to say. What he says might sometimes be better kept within the "white bounds of the teeth." He deals in scripture in a very free and unconventional manner. He is rich in illustration drawn from nature, history, art, and human life. His dramatic powers are great. His preaching is partly delivered from notes, but amongst these he interspersed freely spoken passages, some of which at times are of the highest order of incisive address, eloquent, rich in suggestion, full of the largest sympathy, the noblest sentiment of devout aspiration and human enthusiasm.

It would be impossible to characterise Mr. Beecher's preaching. It is so varied, so multiform, we might more easily say what he is not than what he is. He furnishes illustrations of all styles, and he continues, even now that he has passed the seventieth year of his life, fresh, vigorous, young as ever. The distinguishing qualities of his style are radiance and joyousness. His sermons are like floods of sunshine in which there is the perpetual stir and stress of life. There is no preacher in our time—perhaps there has never been a preacher—who has pressed into the services of the pulpit so wide a range of treatment, sympathy and method. It would not be excessive if we should entitle him the Shakespeare of the pulpit, so rich, so varied, so manifold has been the spirit of his work.—[Dr. Ll. D. Bevan in the Quiver for June.

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

Who bides his time and day by day
 Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
 However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any qualm
 Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
 Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
 Of honey in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
 Joy runs to meet him drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
 And like a never ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause,
 Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
 In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreathed laurel, wrought
 With crimson berries in the leaves.
And he shall reign a goodly king,
 And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
 Who bides his time.

Anecdotes.

☞A chronic vagrant was up before the San Antonio Recorder a few days ago. 'Can't you find work?' asked the official. 'I don't want to find any work. I am a member of the Laboring Men's Club.'—[Texas Siftings.

☞'Hello, Smith! Suppose a man marries his first wife's step sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?' 'First wife—um—step—aunt—er—let's see.—I don't know.' 'Bright fellow! He's her husband.'

☞Fresh clerk. 'That first I showed you, mum, was 75, this is 65, this is 50, an' this is 45.' Tea purchaser. 'All good teas, I suppose?' Fresh clerk. 'Yes, 'm, all come out 'o the same chest—' He means they chest came, mum.'—[Harper's Bazar.

☞First Boston girl—'Going to vocal practice this morning, Minerva?' Second Boston girl—'No, my dear Calliope, I have a bad cold and am quite hoarse.' First Boston Girl—'Ah! been exposing yourself to the weather?' Second Boston girl—'Yes, I went out yesterday and forgot to put on my spectacles!'—[Boston Courier.

☞Miss Budd—'Do you think Miss Roseleaf pretty, Mr. Holworthy?' Holworthy (striving to say something complimentary)—'Well, she has a very intellectual face.' Miss Budd—'Oh, fie, Mr. Holworthy! what a compliment to pay a young lady!' Holworthy—'Oh, I wouldn't say so of you, you know.'—[Harvard Lampoon.

☞Two Troy men have invented a machine that will make 1,500,000 matches an hour The thing should be in great demand at the fashionable watering places this summer. It is just what mothers of marriageable daughters have been looking for.—[Lowell Citizen.

☞A slim youth, accompanied by a pug dog and chain attachment, met a young lady on Fifth Avenue whom he knew. He walked by her side until her residence was gained, when she invited him in. 'Aw—thawnks awfully; much pleased, I a'm suah,' he said; 'but—er—the dog y'won't make the slightest difference. Dear little fellow. Mamma will be glad to see you both.'—[Graphic.

☞'Look here, Matilda,' said an Austin lady to the colored cook, 'you sleep right close to the chicken house and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens.' 'Yes, mam, I heerd the chickens holler, and I heerd the voices ob de men.' 'Why didn't you go out, then?' 'Case, mam,' bursting into tears, 'I knowed my old fodder was out there, and I wouldn't hab him know that I'd lost confidence in him for all the chickens he could steal in a whole yeah.'—[Texas Siftings.

☞'Yes,' sighed the fashionable maiden as she applied her handkerchief to her eyes, 'my poor little doggie, my Carlo is dead.'

'It is very sad,' said a sympathizing friend, 'and all the more so as the loss occurs just on the eve of your marriage.'

'Yes, it is too bad to think that the wedding must be postponed after all the preparations being made.'

'Postponed? Surely you do not think of postponing your marriage because of the death of your dog!'

'Why, certainly. How heartless you must think me. I could not think of getting married within a year after such a distressing bereavement.'—[Boston Courier.

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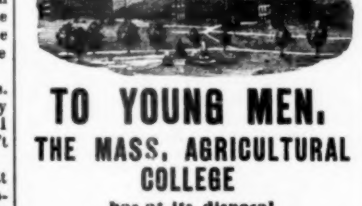

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COLUMBIA, ILL., June 20, 1878.

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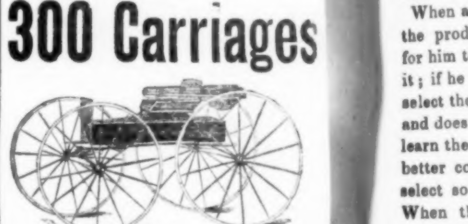

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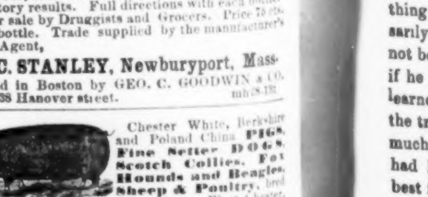

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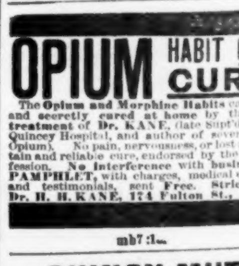

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